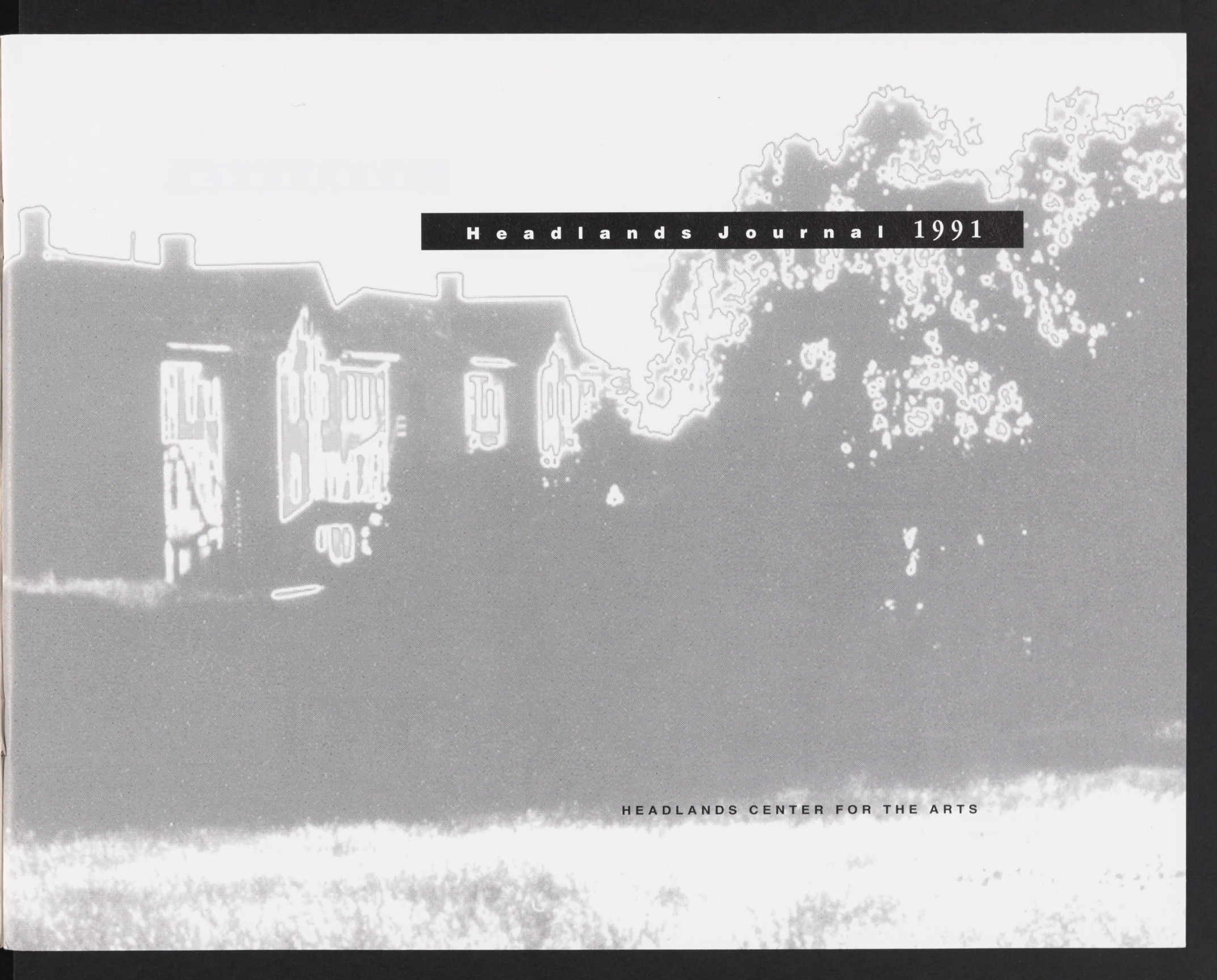
Headlands Journal 1991

Artists

Artists in Residence Sarah Aderholdt Ta-Coumba Aiken Stefano Arienti Harriet Bellerjeau Lisa Bernstein Don Colley Beth Custer Judy Doenges Lukas Felzmann Veronique Guillaud Richard Harned Bryant Holsenbeck Brenda Hutchinson Vladimir Kokolia Julian Lang Yolanda Lopez Malcolm Margolin William Oandeson Wendy Oberlander Gloree Rogers Susan Schwartzenberg Dave Shevin Sandra Taylor Kay Willens Anne Woodson **Affiliate Artists** Ellery Jane Akers John Alexander Melanie Beene Andrew Black Holly Blake Ann Chamberlain Agnes Charlesworth Tom Ferentz Miriam Ferrari Roberta Fudim Noele Giulini Katina Huston Marguerite Kahrl Britta Kathmeyer Jeanie Kortum-Stermer Michael Light Peter Laufer Ann Lewis Billie Lynn Kathleen McGill Jackie McGowan Mark McGowan Phil Otto Phil Paternite Dede Puma Nancy Raine Nila Rusnell William Scharf Donna Schumacher Barney Straus Todd Trigsted Jeanne Tumpane Pamela Winfrey Rene Yung Victor Zaballa



Headlands Journal 1991

HEADLANDS CENTER FOR THE ARTS

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This issue of the Headlands Journal is dedicated to the memory of Helaine Fortgang and to the efforts of the Bay Area citizens who helped secure the Marin Headlands for the Golden Gate National Recreation Area.

GAP FOUNDATION

The Headlands Center for the Arts would like to thank the following for their support of this issue of the Journal: Mary and David Robinson, The Marin Community Foundation, The National Endowment for the Arts, and particularly, the Gap Foundation.

contents

Introduction	Jennifer Dowley	2
THE LAND		3
Ann Chamberlain, Jim Paul		5
Edgar Wayburn		5
Katharine Frankforter		8
HEADLANDS TALKS		11
Reconstructing History	Jimmie Durham	13
Degrees of Green	Jeanette Armstrong	14
Education and the Future of Our Communities	Amalia Mesa Bains, Goery Delacote	16
Water and Streams	Rory SnowArrow Faussett, Ellen Manchester and Bob Dawson	18
Artists and Economics	Anne Focke	20
Art World Affiliations	Howard Becker, Allan Kaprow, Linda Burnham	23
THE MESS HALL		26
Ann Hamilton: The Kitchen - Mess Hall Project	Charles Shere	28
Daphne Derven		30
Recipes		33, 37
Herminia Alvarán		38

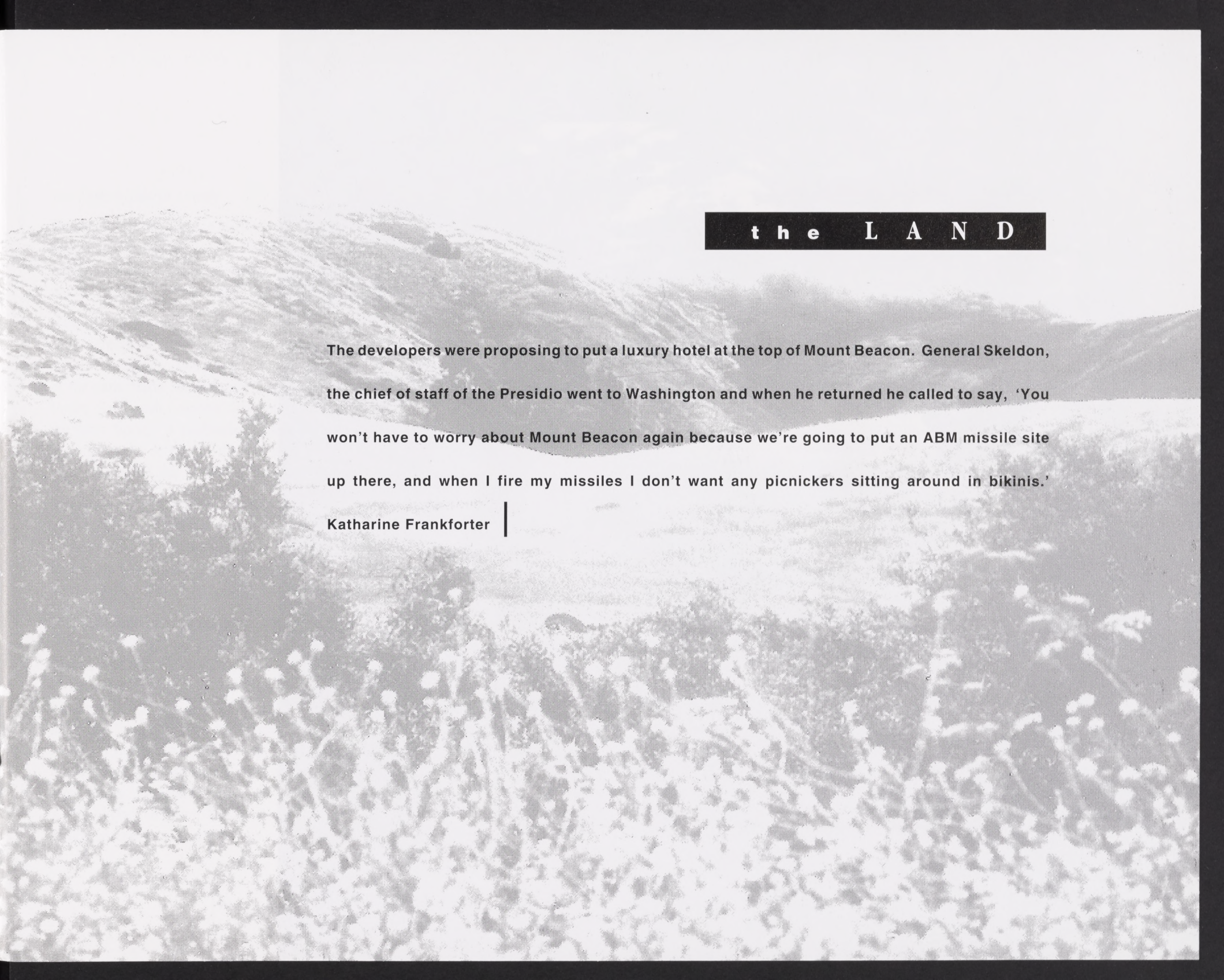
ARTISTS AND PROJECTS		39
	Beth Custer	39
Letter to the Board	Jim Melchert	41
Artists in Residence	Sandra Taylor	42
	David Shevin	42
	Wendy Oberlander	43
	Ta-Coumba Aiken	43
	Lisa Bernstein	44
	Sarah Aderholdt	45
	Lukas Felzmann	45
	Susan Schwartzenberg	46
	Richard Harned	46
	Judy Doenges	47
	Kay Willens	47
	Don Colley	48
	Harriet Bellerjeau	49
	Anne Woodson	49
	Veronique Guillaud	50
	Stefano Arienti	50
	Vladimir Kokolia	50, 51
	Bryant Holsenbeck	52
	William Oandasan	52
Sausalito Literacy Project		53
Photo Credits		54
1990 Resident and Affiliate Artists		Inside Front Cover
1990 Donors		Inside Back Cover

This Journal, Headlands' third, focuses on discussions we had in 1991 about community. Ideas about community become increasingly meaningful given our culture's gradual disenchantment with the sovereignty of the individual and given the changing understanding of what it means to embrace multiple perspectives.

Headlands itself is a community of diverse voices. The questions we pose in our public forums are ones we ask ourselves. What are the conditions that make for an invigorating and productive community? How do we cultivate diversity in thinking: transdisciplinary, transcultural? How do we ensure that voices usually not heard are engaged in the discussions? How do we establish a generous meeting ground for a true exchange of ideas? The artists in residence in 1991 reflect diverse backgrounds as well as a broad range of individual approaches to the larger issues of our culture. For many artists, the residency experience at the Headlands catalyzed their thinking and broadened their community to include naturalists, environmentalists, cultural activists, educators and scientists.

The notion of how we create community at Headlands was at the heart of the investigations undertaken by Ann Hamilton in renovating the Mess Hall. This effort, completed in 1991 with the contributions of chairs and kitchen utensils from our larger community of friends and supporters, has increasingly become the site of our daily interactions, whether meetings, public programs, casual conversations, meals, or a quiet moment alone. The two ovens—one for heat and one for baking—have created a hearth and a heart at the Center. They generate physical warmth as well as engender activities that knit people together: tending fires, preparing and sharing food. With a functioning kitchen available in the Mess Hall, we began a series of workshops to discuss cultural implication of the foods we eat and the traditions of food preparation. We anticipate that the Mess Hall will continue to shape our interactions as a community, bringing us closer together, enriching our conversations and work together.

Jennifer Dowley 1992



the LAND

The developers were proposing to put a luxury hotel at the top of Mount Beacon. General Skeldon, the chief of staff of the Presidio went to Washington and when he returned he called to say, 'You won't have to worry about Mount Beacon again because we're going to put an ABM missile site up there, and when I fire my missiles I don't want any picnickers sitting around in bikinis.'

Katharine Frankforter

The Bay Area has become one of the most desirable places in the United States to live, with parklands and waterways in close proximity to its metropolitan area. With the escalating land and real estate costs and high cost of living in this area, it is paradoxical that the Bay Area is relatively unmarked by massive housing developments or overcrowded communities.

The passage of large portions of Marin County from private hands and federal domain into a public trust was no accident; rather, it resulted from the vision and concerted effort of a small group of active conservationists in the 1950's, 1960's, and 1970's, many of whom lived in Marin County.

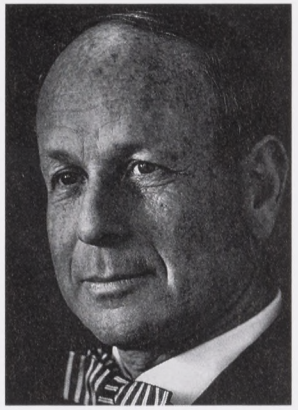
The Parks of Marin County

The preservation of land in Marin County is the legacy of a complex and unique process undertaken during the 1950's, 1960's and 1970's, when a broad and sometimes incongruous coalition of interests united to preserve the open green space of Marin. Its meaning for us now is as complex and contradictory as the motives that created it.

Marin County as it exists today began to be created in the early 1800's. The large ranches in western Marin are what remain of Mexican land grants which parcelled the area into 1,000 acre ranchos. Content to live on the land maintaining large herds of cattle, many of the early Marin settlers were land rich but cash poor, and with the arrival of the United States cash economy they sold vast tracts of their land to pay taxes. In 1851, the Army became a landholder in Marin, designating the southern tip of the county essential to the defense of the Bay, and establishing Forts Cronkhite, Barry, and Baker which preserved the Marin Headlands from development for over 100 years.

Subdivision and settlement of many of Marin's communities occurred in the late 19th and early 20th centuries as Marin County became sought after as a site for second homes for those who lived in San Francisco, but hoped to flee the crowded and drafty conditions of San Francisco. Real estate brochures advertised an idyllic retreat, "sunshine, fresh air, and pure water of Marin . . . away from the fog, wind, and dust of San Francisco."

Even as inhabitants basked in the warm summers and clement winters of Marin, many realized that their rural surroundings were rapidly being transformed into a suburban culture. William Kent, who purchased the giant redwood grove on the western side of Tamalpais, and gave it to the government in honor of John Muir, stated, "Suburban homes are displacing farm land and pasture. It is good to know that mountain and forest will be there open and unspoiled for our children, so that they may know of nature to the health of their souls." A cultured and conservationist community was developing which realized the value of their homes was linked to the larger environment around them. Pageants performed on Mount Tamalpais in the Mountain Theater celebrated a state of grace in nature. San Francisco and the Bay Area saw itself as Athens, a cultural mecca on the west coast.



Edgar Wayburn ca 1970

Edgar Wayburn: When I came to San Francisco in 1933, one of my greatest pleasures was walking in the Marin hills. I was away four years for World War II and when I came back, the San Francisco metropolitan area had changed because of the war. Housing developments were springing up around San Francisco and real estate developers were moving in. I had always considered myself a conservationist, but I didn't become serious until I came back from World War II. I had a vision in the late 1940's of making the western Marin area, from the Golden Gate to Tomales Bay, parkland.

The Sierra Club joined with some of the smaller organizations to expand Mt. Tamalpais State Park. In order to get the south slope of Mt. Tamalpais as public land we had to buy two ranches. People came to me and said, 'Don't you like ranching? These ranches have been in this area for generations; their owners aren't going to sell'. Within a month we learned that two speculators had bought the Dias Ranch. I went to the buyers' office and they agreed to keep their property east of the Panoramic Highway and let us have west of the Panoramic highway. By 1955, we got a bond issue to purchase the land and by 1979 we had increased the size of Mt. Tam from 870 to 6,300 acres.

In the late 1950's I became engrossed in the establishment of Point Reyes National Seashore. The ranchers had to either improve their facilities to comply with sanitation regulations or sell to the real estate market or to the National Seashore. We had a very good Congressman from the first district, Clem Miller, and a citizens board which we called the Point Reyes Foundation. I was on it because I was president of the Sierra Club at the time. By the late 60's, we had Mount Tam and Point Reyes National Seashore in public hands.

Around this time the federal government began to declare certain odd bits of land surplus to the military: Forts Baker, Cronkhite, and Barry, and we saw an opportunity just as the

real estate people saw it. We went to the National Park Service and they weren't interested. This land was then offered to other federal agencies, to state, county, and finally to private agencies. Charles Turk, the director of California Parks, saw the merit in our vision, and we annexed these lands to the state park system through an organization formed in the 1960's called Headlands Incorporated, the brainchild of Katharine Frankforter. It was a small, tight organization of businessmen and environmentalists. We were the facilitators to get this land into public ownership.

HCA: How did you get the necessary legislation to stop development?

EW: A few years later I learned that Marin County citizens might be bought off too. Mr. Frouge proposed a development, Marincello, in the Headlands and managed to get a 3-2 majority on the Marin Board of Supervisors. I got Ansel Adams to use his photograph of Marin Headlands on which we superimposed the Frouge development. Fortunately for us Mr. Frouge died in the middle of this, and Martha Alexander Gerbode got the Gerbode Foundation to make a personal gift of $1 million to buy what is now Gerbode Valley.

In 1969, the Indians had occupied Alcatraz and were quite a burden to Mr. Nixon. He told his new Secretary of the Interior, Walter Hickle, to get the Indians off of Alcatraz. So Hickle began working on a plan to include Alcatraz in a National Recreation area that was to include some of the forts that were being declared surplus by the military: Fort Mason, Fort Point, parts of Baker, Barry, and Cronkhite.

At the same time, the Department of General Services was proposing an archive adjacent to the Fort Miley veterans facility that would take up one acre. The residents of that area were indignant; and led by a young artist, Amy Meyer, they started to protest. They came to me because of my well-known interest in Marin County, and we formed an organization called People for a Golden Gate National Recreation Area with me as the Chair and Amy as the Co-chair. First we got the Chamber of Commerce, the mayors, most of the supervisors, as well as senators and congressmen on our letterhead, and then we began identifying what we wanted.

In April 1970, I went east to talk to our Congressional Representative Bill Mailliard who thought we were asking for a lot, but agreed to sponsor it. Last, I went to Phil Burton's office. He looked at me carefully and said, 'Is this what you want?' I said, 'No.' He said, 'Well, get the hell out of here, and don't come back until you can show me what you want'.

So we went back to identify our parcels of land, and two months later I was back in his office. He said, 'Is this what you want?' and I said, 'Yes.' This time our request included all the rural land up to Sir Francis Drake Blvd. Burton said, 'Why didn't you give me this in the first place?' And I told him that I didn't think it was politically feasible. He exploded and said, 'Listen, you tell me what you want and I'll get it through Congress!' And in 16 months, he did. Then Nixon came out in 1972 and toured the Bay. He shook my hand and said, 'When Congress approves the bill, I'll sign it.'

So in October of 1972, the Golden Gate National Recreation area was established, and we had essentially what we have now: Tomales Bay on the north and the San Francisco Bay on the south. Included was the land on which the archives building was to have been built and a clause in the bill which would transfer the Presidio to the GGNRA when and if it would be declared no longer essential to the military. I was the architect of the plan but Amy was the straw boss, and now we are both on the Citizen's Advisory Commis-

sion, a federally established commission which gives advice to the national park on matters of policy

HCA: What brought so many government people and business leaders to go to bat for the park? Do you think it could happen today?

EW: No. We were lucky to have a series of windows of opportunity and we were able to go right through them. Population pressures and the cost of land have changed things. This happened in Marin County because citizens of Marin County wanted to preserve the land. This has changed a bit, but was true in the 1930's through the 1960's.

HCA: Marin County has had citizens like William Kent or George Wheelwright with substantial holdings in Marin County who decided to set aside part of them as parklands. Is that a tradition you consider unique in Marin County, a certain conservation mindedness in civic leaders, as well as in the general public?

EW: The Kents were land rich and money poor. In the 1930's they owned a tremendous stretch of land including Stinson Beach and the Stinson Sand Spit. When we were acquiring the land for Mt. Tamalpais State Park in the 1950's, we wanted the Steep Ravine property. Among the people in that group was William Kent, Jr. Bill said to me; 'My family has been trying to do this for 20 years and has been turned down each time. In the 1930's we offered the Stinson Sand Spit to the state to pay back taxes and they turned it down. In 1950, we offered it to the State Division of Beaches and Parks for $50,000 and Newton Drewey, the parks commissioner, said he had enough beaches. Unless you agree to acquire this first, I'm going to sell it for real estate development.' And so we acted first on his land. By that time the Kents had handed their property over to a developer to create Sea Drift on Stinson Beach. Today, instead of back taxes or $50,000, the sand spit would cost $50 million.

Edgar Wayburn is the chairman of People for a Golden Gate Recreation Area and serves as the chair of the Citizen's Advisory Commission for the Golden Gate National Recreation Area. A former president of the Sierra Club, he is presently vice president of conservation for the Sierra Club.

Excerpts from an interview with Edgar Wayburn, Ann Chamberlain and Jeanette Redensek, August 1992

Headlands Hike cosponsored by Sierra Club and Headlands Inc. May, 1970, approaching the Wheelwright Ranch.

World War II broke the spell of idyllic retreat as Marin with the rest of the country was catapulted into the war effort. 75,000 workers at Bechtel Corporation's Marinship in Sausalito manufactured 93 ships in its three years of operation. At the end of the war those who had been recruited from the south and the Midwest to work in the shipyards were eager to settle in the Bay Area and contribute to its post-war building boom. The construction of the Golden Gate Bridge in 1937—and of 101 north twenty years later—further changed the character of Marin communities: towns sprang up along the freeways to accommodate an increasingly mobile and transient population.

Those who had lived in the Bay Area sensed the changes and began to work to preserve open space. President of the Sierra Club, Edgar Wayburn, envisioned in the 1940's the parklands from Point Reyes to San Francisco Bay. The story of Marin's parks is linked to his unflagging efforts and those of numerous community coalitions locally and nationally who helped realize the Golden Gate National Recreation Area. State park bond issues accumulated land in increments, augmenting the size of Mount Tamalpais State Park and establishing Point Reyes Park to the north.

In the 1960's, the skyrocketing commercial value of land competed with love of the land and the dream of maintaining it unspoiled. Zoning changes—and consequent tax increases—from agriculture to planned community made it difficult for many large land owners to maintain their properties. Some wanted to keep the land unspoiled even if they themselves could not continue to hold it. The Nature Conservancy headed by Hughey Johnson negotiated directly with individuals for the transfer of private property into public hands. George and Hope Wheelwright ceded the Wheelwright Ranch to the Zen Center through the Nature Conservancy with the understanding that the land would be maintained and developed as a working farm. Similarly, the Slide Ranch and RCA property in Point Reyes were added to national and state park lands through the Nature Conservancy's efforts.

Not all negotiations for the establishment of parklands in Marin went as smoothly. Gulf Oil acquired the large tract of land in southern Marin adjoining the Army's land—formerly the Silva Ranch—and proposed to develop it as Marincello, a planned community of 25,000 residents. What ensued was perhaps one of the most dramatic battles in the history of Marin politics. The conservationist community of Marin formed coalitions to preserve private lands as open space, and adopted diverse strategies to battle bankers, unions, and others who were in favor of the development.

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Headlands Incorporated, an alliance of prominent corporate and business leaders, focused on the Marin Headlands and used their influence in negotiating with the government and in the business world to stop development in the Marin Headlands and hasten its transfer from Army lands into parkland.

A broad coalition of activists in opposition to the plan drew upon the growing support for a national park in the Bay Area, and the idea of Marincello was finally blocked. Gulf Oil abandoned the plan and sold the land to the state. The Nature Conservancy named the valley where Marincello was to have been located for Martha Alexander Gerbode, who financially supported the effort to preserve open space.

This overall effort was a product of vastly mixed motives. Unlike the more stringent, globally oriented environmental movement, which arrived later, conservationism allowed for varying interpretations of the ultimate use of the land—to some, it did not even rule out development—and so, conservationism was an idea easily embraced by a broad range of interests, liberal and conservative, public and private.

The meaning of the Marin Parks is as varied as the meaning of the struggle to create them for the individuals involved. In part the effect of that struggle has been to preserve the county as a pristine yet exclusive retreat, limiting growth not simply for the benefit of the land but, for instance, to protect real estate values in the second richest county in the nation, and in doing so, to restrict opportunities for low-cost housing.

Many are eager to lay claim or take credit for the Marin Parks; in some this impulse is undoubtedly akin to the drive for ownership that endangered the wilderness in the first place. For others, though, the parks are an opportunity to experience the land as a process, not as a piece of preserved—and therefore in some way ersatz—wilderness, or as a view from a picture window.

The open lands which extend from Point Reyes to the Bay—a creation impossible if not unthinkable today—may inspire more than mere nostalgia. They may even provide a way for us to heal the distance which has arisen between our urban lives and the natural world.

Ann Chamberlain and Jim Paul

Ann Chamberlain: Why were you drawn to the Headlands?

Katharine Frankforter: When I arrived in San Francisco in 1947, I immediately gravitated to Marin County and I purchased a piece of land on Wolf Back Ridge overlooking the Pacific Ocean and the Bay. The Headlands were rugged but beautiful. At that time the Gerbode Preserve was the Silva Ranch. Cows grazed on the land that would eventually become Gulf Oil property and on which Frouge was given an option to build a development for 25,000 people.

The Forts were very busy in the 1940's and 1950's—the Presidio and all its sub-installations, Ft. Baker, Barry, and Cronkhite. There was fear that there might be another war. Soldiers were stationed at the bunkers and batteries with their guns, and you could not put a foot on military land without a military I.D.

AC: It was in the 1960's that some of this military land was declared excess land and you became concerned about its fate. Can you talk about how this led to the creation of Headlands Inc.?

KF: For a few years, I went to committee meetings of Marin County people who were fighting Frouge and Gulf who wanted to develop the Headlands. This involved 2,138 acres which I looked down on from my property on Wolf Back Ridge. It was protected by ranchers, but ranchers wouldn't be able to retain their land if the zoning was changed from agriculture to planned community. All the taxes would become very high and both George Wheelwright and Dean Witter felt that they would have to sell.

In 1964, people had voted a bond issue for a park in Marin County to acquire surplus land. In 1967, a small article appeared in the newspaper saying a Marin Headlands parcel at Kirby Cove was declared surplus and I knew the developer would buy it because he owned the land across Conzelman Road from the Kirby Cove area.

The following Monday, I went to my attorney John Busterude and incorporated Headlands Inc. Immediately, John and I made lists of people we thought should be invited to be on the Board of Directors. I decided that there should be twelve to twenty directors and they would all be presidents of corporations and chairmen of the boards so they would have very large built-in followings. We went after people of both parties but mostly Republicans who were in power at that time, because we knew that they would be most

Headlands Hike, 1970

effective in Sacramento.

AC: Why was it all men?

KF: Gulf Oil had 27 men as officers and directors and they were the ones with whom we had to negotiate. Headlands Inc. was set up to do a particular job: it was a very elite group of powerful businessmen in San Francisco and Marin who were capable of using their influence on a governmental and corporate level. The first letter written to Gulf Oil by Headlands Inc. alludes to the fact that the board members collectively controlled 75,000 shares of Gulf stock, and hence had voting power as stockholders.

I went to the president of Fireman's Fund, Fred Merrill, and I asked him to be president of Headlands Inc. Fireman's Fund insured the Golden Gate Bridge with Lloyds of London and would be concerned with the impact of increased traffic on the Golden Gate. He agreed to be the president and asked me to get three other people: Bill Mailliard, who was a congressman, Put Livermore, an attorney at law who was founder and director of Conservation Law Society, and Jack Hume who was a good friend of the Reagans and instrumental in putting him in office.

When I talked to Jack Hume about Kirby Cove he picked up the phone and spoke to Reagan in Sacramento.

The Humes always invited Nancy and Ronald Reagan to opening night at the opera in San Francisco and they always sat and had cocktails in their living room which had a great view of the Headlands, and of course it would come up in conversation. So over the next few years whenever we needed to talk to Reagan we did it through Jack Hume.

George Wheelwright was also a member of Headlands Inc. and had been very active in the Referendum Petition, gathering 6,000 signatures to vote on whether Marin citizens wanted Marincello. George had taught physics at Harvard. He and one of his students, Edwin Land, had invented Polaroid Land Cameras. He owned 900 acres of what is now the Zen Center and raised prize-winning Hereford bulls on that property.

I asked Dr. Edgar Wayburn as well because he was president of the Sierra Club and we needed their support.

Headlands Inc. needed communicators who knew a

Hope and George Wheelwright greet the hikers as they approach the Wheelwright Ranch, Headlands Hike, May 1970.

great deal about the environment, such as Harold Gilliam, who was a writer. David Sacks was another communicator with KGO-TV. Mr. Sacks got us space on TV for Mr. Busterude to make an appeal to the public about saving the Headlands.

I asked Frank Keesling, president of West Coast Life Insurance to be on our board. Frank was a very good friend of Allan Post, a budget analyst in Sacramento. We gave Frank a stack of material to read and a driver. He went immediately to Sacramento.

The Senate Assembly budget hearings were in progress and were about to close. We had to get someone to transfer $790,000, the price of Kirby Cove, for the establishment of a park. In the '64 bond issue $500,000 was voted for the beginning of the Marin Headlands Park and we had to get the money back into the budget to acquire Kirby Cove. Keesling was the official lobbyist for the city and county of San Francisco in Sacramento, and under the guidance of John Busterude, we secured the money for the park.

I asked the Chief of Staff of the Presidio, General Skeldon, to be on our board of directors because he disliked the developer, Frouge. The Presidio controlled 94 percent of Rodeo Lagoon at Fort Cronkhite and the developer 6 percent. Every time the army came over they found Frouge's engineer on their property. The General cooperated with us in a very amusing and horrible way. The developers were proposing to put a luxury hotel at the top of Mount Beacon. General Skeldon went to Washington and when he returned he called me to say 'You won't have to worry about Mount Beacon again because we're going to put an ABM missile site up there and when I fire my missiles I don't want any picnickers sitting around in bikinis.' So Harold Gilliam and Alfred Heller formed a committee to fight the ABM site.

In 1970, The Sierra Club Hike gave people who were curious a chance to see the Headlands including the piece of State Park at Tennessee Cove. The trip started at the tip of Waldo Grade, went over Wolf Back Ridge down to Tennessee Valley through the Witter Ranch and the Wheelwright Ranch. All the mayors in Marin County backed us, and joined the hike.

AC: Why do you think that Headlands Inc. was able to accomplish so much so fast?

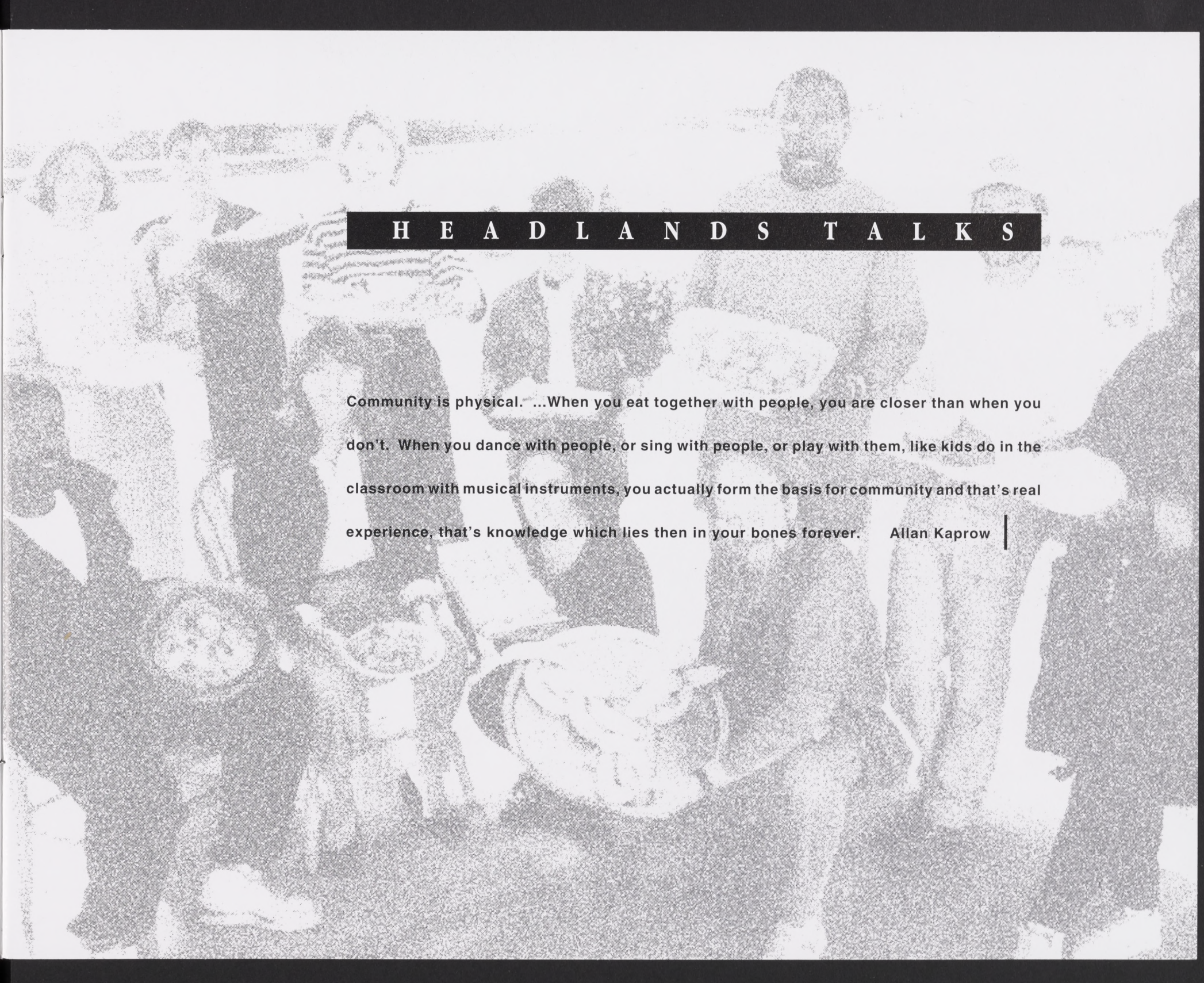
KF: It was fate. I remember John Busterude saying to me that the idea of it was irresistible. Everyone embraced the issue: it really changed peoples' lives. The Humes became very involved in protecting the Headlands. They would have picnics over there and when they found litter or vandalism they would contact Sacramento and complain. John Busterude who was skeptical at first about the founding of Headlands Inc. went on to become an avid environmentalist, and was appointed deputy director of the Council on Environmental Quality by the President.

AC: What did you lend to the struggle as an artist?

KF: I think that only an artist could have done it. There had been a number of unsuccessful efforts before and it took vision and careful planning that I was used to in my work. I really believe that artists are organizers and strategists.

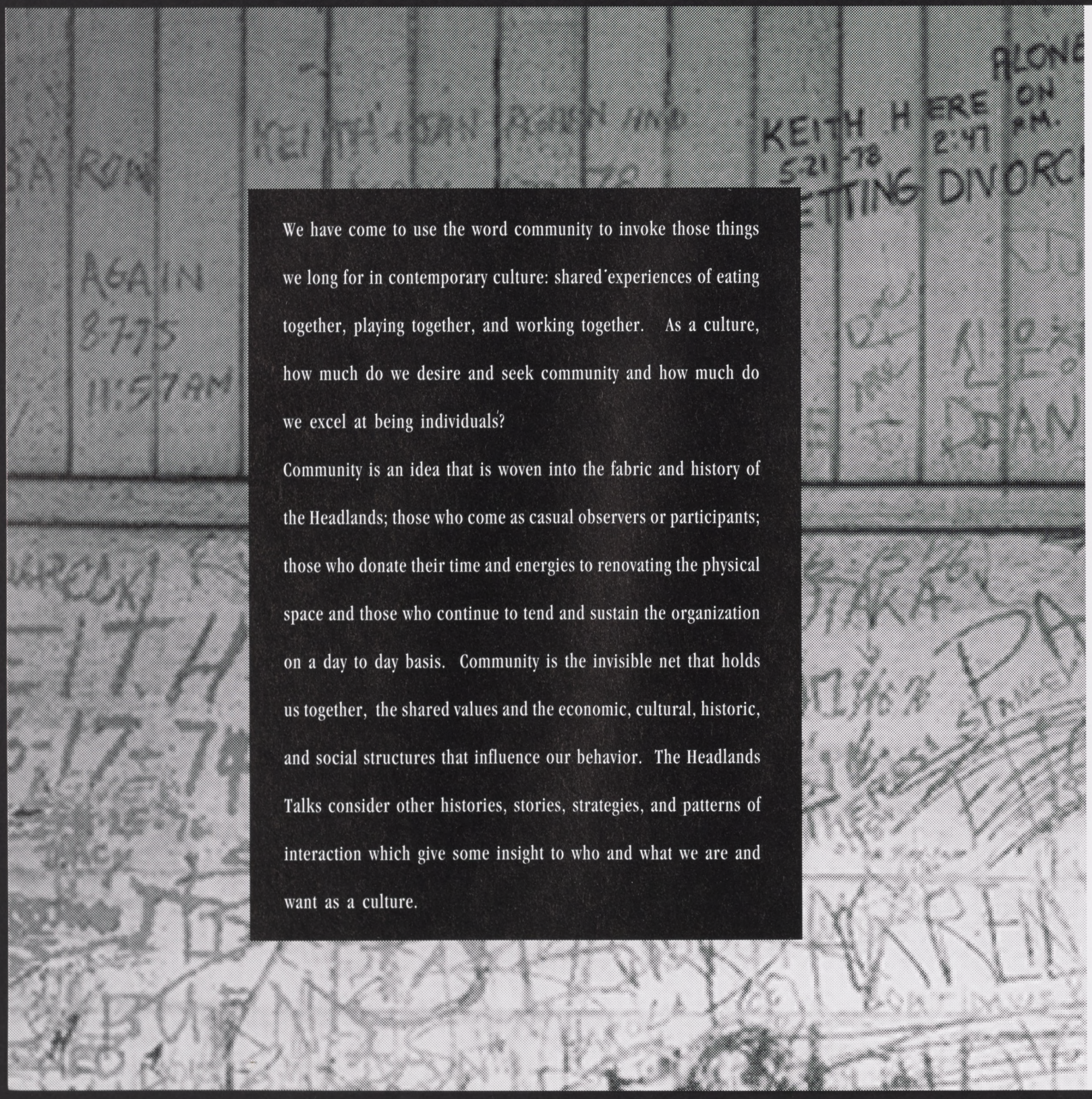
Katharine Frankforter is an artist who lives in Sausalito. She conceived of Headlands Inc. as a way of saving the Marin Headlands from developers.

Excerpts from an interview with Ann Chamberlain, August 20, 1992



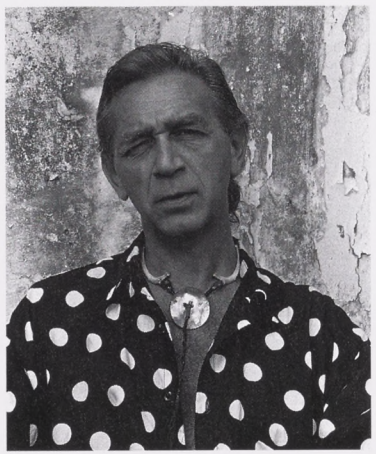
HEADLANDS TALKS

Community is physical. ...When you eat together with people, you are closer than when you don't. When you dance with people, or sing with people, or play with them, like kids do in the classroom with musical instruments, you actually form the basis for community and that's real experience, that's knowledge which lies then in your bones forever. Allan Kaprow



We have come to use the word community to invoke those things we long for in contemporary culture: shared experiences of eating together, playing together, and working together. As a culture, how much do we desire and seek community and how much do we excel at being individuals?

Community is an idea that is woven into the fabric and history of the Headlands; those who come as casual observers or participants; those who donate their time and energies to renovating the physical space and those who continue to tend and sustain the organization on a day to day basis. Community is the invisible net that holds us together, the shared values and the economic, cultural, historic, and social structures that influence our behavior. The Headlands Talks consider other histories, stories, strategies, and patterns of interaction which give some insight to who and what we are and want as a culture.



Jimmie Durham

JIMMIE DURHAM:

Reconstructing History: Storytelling as a Strategy

Back in the 1970's there was a well known tribal chairman that I took as an enemy. He acted as though he was our enemy, always accepting the government's agenda. He was an expert at getting 'Most Favored Nation Status' for his little reservation from the government. And then it came time for his reservation to give up something to the government. They found something on his reservation that they wanted, and suddenly he didn't get 'Most Favored Nation Status' anymore. Suddenly he stopped being a puppet; now he is a super-militant. He was always a smart guy. Before he was confused by favors and by flattery, but when it came down to the crunch, he was with his folks, and still is.

So it makes me think we're always choosing sides, instead of looking at a process. Me, I'm always choosing sides. I don't know what you folks are doing, but I'm always doing it, instead of looking at a process that I don't know the end of. It seems not simply anti-intellectual, but also kind of inhuman to choose sides with a perfect knowledge that we don't really have. So I started asking myself, when I started thinking about this guy a few years ago, 'How did I get into the position of always choosing up sides, instead of looking at process?' And, of course, I decided it wasn't my fault. I decided it was the 'mean guy's' fault. And I still believe that, instead of the 'mean guy's', I think we have a very mean system. And I started thinking about how to decide every morning that I'm not going to do that, that each day I'm going to try to be more intellectual, more analytical than I was the day before. Not "I'm going to try to be a better human being today," because that's a nonsensical idea to me, especially with my record. But instead, to try to be smarter today, to think more profoundly about things today, to try to investigate reality a little more today, as a way of being the intellectual that my grandparents were without any education. They were much more intellectual than I am, because they continually investigated things.

In this country we're taught to fear and distrust intellectuality, as though it were what the 'mean guys' do, or as though it were boring to think as well as we could think, or to investigate as completely as we could investigate. There is a term in the art world, 'discourse' that we are not allowed to use anymore because everybody used it for five or six years, and now it's no longer a trendy word, it's a passé word. But we just began to learn to use the word and we threw it away, before we ever got to any real discourse about discourses.

We have something in this country about learning, and consuming facts as learning. We consume facts, so we can go on and consume other facts. Maybe there are motivations of making money, or getting security, or, as is always said, 'conquering new frontiers.' We treat learning, and intellectuality, analysis and critical thinking the same way we treat everything else in our culture: as constantly moving West, grabbing new frontier. And those two things are not similar out of coincidence. I think in large part this country is culturally formed, its knowledge is formed by the fact that it took over Indian land and killed Indian people to do it. That can't be a footnote in history. It could not possibly be a footnote in history. It is the central narrative of this country, so it effects everything in the country constantly and urgently.

On every level, in any part of this society, there is that phenomenon of the U.S. having made up its own story as an excuse and as a defense and as a possibility of continuation of doing the same thing: taking over land and lives.

Maybe I want to stop and make a footnote here. It is the country that as a cultural apparatus, steamrolls. The cultural apparatus makes the government; the government doesn't make the cultural apparatus. The U.S. continually re-invents itself and retells the story and puts little fine points on this big story. I'm still in my footnote.

I'm not talking about white folks. But I think it's a pertinent footnote, because there is the idea of white folks as a race of people, which is a story. It's a lie; it's not true. But any white person who wants to buy it as the truth certainly can buy it and get a lot of goodies out of buying it. But we shouldn't buy it, no matter what race or color or nationality we are. And if we say 'people of color', we're agreeing with racism. So that's my footnote.

There are situations in this country that you think couldn't possibly change because they seem so normal, that you think they couldn't change. In the fifties, not many people would have predicted that in the next ten years there would be the beginnings of a feminist revolution in the U.S. Almost all women agreed with the idea that they should stay in the kitchen, and do womanly things with each other in the kitchen, around the coffee and coffee cake. And that's what this society said that women should do. That's what Jesus loved for women to do.

How did it happen in the 1960's that a group of people who were isolated and voiceless started analyzing and changing as a process? I'm using the feminist movement as an example because society was not saying, 'We're repressing you because of mysterious reasons, social factors, you live in the South or whatever.' Society was saying, 'We're not oppressing you. We're giving you glory. We're giving you all the good stuff.' So how did it happen that women forced that out?

The U.S. had a fiction of who women were in the 1950's: a set fiction that I call a premise. The premise said (without ever having to say it, because it said it so constantly), 'Women are special people, with special jobs. They say and do special things and we love them for it and we put them on the pedestal, and glorify their isolated position.' Society made this premise 'woman,' to keep women isolated, because there were some guys who wanted to run the show for guys as part of the cultural power business that the U.S. does. As long as women agreed with the premise, they could pretend to be happy, and get a bigger and better kitchen. In the fifties that was advertised all the time: 'a bigger and better kitchen.'

Degrees of Green

each popular cause looks and sounds more serious
as new world crusaders
seeking green and a sustainable future

fix their eyes on the horizon
bare their teeth in horror
push their emaciated sun black
and diseased bodies on ahead
knowing they must

trudge our burden
past barren expanses stretched thin and bone dry
through dust horizons
only to shudder under a new tyranny
in the sky's blue moving
over scoured mountains
bristling white death stumps

they shuffle in syncopated rhythm
across hosed down coastlines
washing midnight black oil
near canneries chopping cancerous fish
netted before millennia old need drove
their struggle up sluggish rivers
to spawn in estuaries glowing greenly in the night

wielding statistics and tears they
smash through defoliated dying jungles
through stages of green into browning
gaping at new hovel town streets
populated by buyers
of iguanas with their mouths sewn shut
speakers of unspeakable evil
when the sellers without choices
become voiceless in the steam of drying swamps
rising up into grey pillar sky scrape dreams
in cities far removed

in solemn quiet they
blunder along narrow miles of black asphalt
wedged between crumbling stone walls
rusting steel and cracked glass
hiding drugged and dispossessed remnants
of old tribes dying in desperate rows
filed across and stacked to tower
over garbaged alleys and acid sad trees
clawing for water and a sun no longer visible
in these places
business is the buzz word
caught on the tongue

embedded in the brain
as the sole sustainable reality
where despair and greed twist into tanks
into bullets into bones into purest white
mushroom clouds

they
move until all
the fallings together
of jagged pieces
collect to become the same picture
over and over
as they flatten into the background grid
of old black book words
and blood stained glass
to slowly dissolve into watery pastels
as over and over
old world magi
in search of new world guiding stars
speak of saving the planet
while believing in geometric shapes
in pyramids in hierarchies
in what can be measured and squeezed in the hand
in power in gold

in this nightmare imaging
the future sharpens into focus
as colossal stone structures
scattered across immense miles of drifting tired soil
disintegrate from their tops down
a testament to the fault in configurations
believed to be stable
mute to the music dreamed to sing curving patterns
to smooth off edges and corner places
and points that hurt
a silencing of what could be

writing from a distance
becomes difficult
and in the second by second fractioning
of such kaleidoscopic distortion
one seems to need to know
the exact degrees of green
from chaos to law and order
as one must be able to fathom
rainbow designs
in how things move around each other
without ruins
remaining

danger lurks in isolating
devastation to the earth
in splintering off any one solution
in a society operating out of violence
out of aggression
out of lawlessness
poetry dries up
in the desolation
left in the wake of human disorder
and to stay lucid
one continues only by groping
by feeling
for new words
will not be formed of old precepts

one needs to believe most
that a sustainable society
is possible
in a time when cooperation
has come to mean subjugation
in a time when peace is the burden
that must be carried courageously
without compromise

one needs to feel the immensity of meaning
in the reflection that the earth will continue
bereft of humanity

Jeanette Armstrong (Okanagan Nation) read this poem at the symposium Native Thinking and Social Transformation on June 20, 1991

There is a similar premise, a set of fictions called 'artist.' People put the premise 'artist' over here in an enclosure. People put 'artist' on a kind of pedestal, and say, 'They're so cute. They're so mysterious. They're so otherworldly, so ineffectual.' And the purpose is the same as putting women on a pedestal: isolation, to keep this crowd of people and the things that they do out of functional society, so that society can function without that part of itself, so that it can carry on its single, nasty agenda. If you agree with that as an artist, you're constantly being offered the bait of getting a 'bigger and better kitchen.' The rewards that this society offers to an artist are fame and fortune, and that's all, nothing else. And those are silly rewards. You cannot live your life if the rewards of life's endeavors are money and fame. You can't live that way. You have to hypnotize yourself to live that way.

It seems to me the only reward that you can stay sane with, as a working artist, is the reward of being functional in society, because we do our work in society. We live in society. A way of putting it is, 'Any human being is an individual to the extent to which that human being is a member of a community. And the individual human being can be a member of the community only to the extent that he or she is an individual human being.' You can't do one without the other. That's true for artists as much as for anyone else.

To keep us in this silly enclosure, people make up mysticisms of what sort of things art might be: always mysterious, always non-functional in society. It's because a society that has cultural control over itself can't have other stories being told. It can't have interruptions; if the women start speaking up, it messes up the program; if the artists are allowed to function, it messes up the program; if the people of color are allowed to speak up, it messes up the program. The agenda has to continually reinforce its agenda on all of us; so it has to control art and artists. But we as artists have trouble with that because it doesn't work for us and it doesn't work for our career motivations.

It seems to me that we as artists accept this mystification of art, and when we don't accept it, very often we try to fight it without making a complete analysis. In the eighties in New York, artists who had a social conscience would say, 'The real role of an artist is to be the conscience of society,' which is extremely pretentious, extremely arrogant. I've always imagined that in any society it's everybodys' job, as individuals or communities, to be the conscience of society. But what that said to me back in the 1980's was that we accepted the mystification of art. We accepted the idea that art was useless unless we gave it a use that was a slogan.

We know the functions of music without thinking about the functions of music. And we seek out these functions because we need them and they are useful to us, without really analyzing them because we don't need to, because music is not as controllable as the visual arts. The culture machine wants to control music, just like it wants to control any cultural goings on, but people can whistle, and people can sing, and people can hum. Anybody can do it. Anybody can hear it. So it's not as controllable. But it is controllable to a greater extent than we think, and it can be misused more than we analyze. One of the functions of music is it keeps things in our memory, and the idiots who are selling us things have understood that for a long, long time. You hear a little advertising jingle and you never forget it. When you're trying to have a serious discussion with someone a jingle from television pops into your head.

Visual arts also have many functions, simple and complex, and they're also used against us. Visual imagery is used against us by the guys who want to sell us things, just like jingles are. So as humans we are done to and the visual arts are done to by corporate selling techniques. And that messes us up whether or not we buy that deodorant, but because we don't see how every misuse is taking culture away from us and making us more alienated by the fact of it being taken away from us. We feel it because we feel alienation. When you're alienated you feel afraid or you feel empty, even if you can't say, 'I feel alienation,' because you're too alienated to say it.

What if we as artists decided that we didn't want to be non-functional humans in society? We can't change the system because we're part of it. We're infected by the craziness. We can't say, 'Well, dammit, my art is going to function in society,' because society doesn't say that. We can't say, 'My art is not going to deal with society. It's not going to deal with the galleries. It's not going to deal with the art world.' Because then you're not doing art, you're doing some sort of secret something. For myself, the only way I can continue to survive as an artist is to poke at that very system as part of my work; without saying in a sculpture, 'the art world sucks,' or any other slogan, I continually try to investigate ways that I can put things together that can begin a narrative that includes poking at the kind of nonsense that keeps me from functioning as an artist.

As a sculptor, it seems to me I could take different objects, put them together in different ways without a clear point, by seeing a few things, starting a few stories, and putting together a few things that might give other people a hint of similar connections. And be political about it, because we live in a political situation. We have political problems that need to be worked on. I need to be political because I'm a human being in society, in a political society.

So, if I can make some connections of things that are physical, with metaphorical doo-dads around them, and if I can make it political, and if I can start some stories, then maybe there is a chance people in the audience can see I'm trying to connect some things that I investigate, with some things that we could investigate.

It seems to me I have a chance to continue doing my art for a long time and not slash out my guts, like Mark Rothko did. Not go crazy, but function in a society that does not want me to function. And do it in a way that would be critical, would be investigatory, that would give people a certain energy as a kind of gift for their encouragement, so that they will then encourage me to be smarter, and to continue the process a little more. If you begin a conversation with someone, even if it's just a conversation by reading that person's book or essay, if the person has important things to say, or if the person has an excellent way of putting things, or if the person can make beautiful connections, or original thoughts, or any of a list of things, you feel good. You feel like you're going to go some place that you weren't before. I do anyway. And I'm challenged to use my own brain better, and to make my own connections better. So it makes me think (and this is going to come back to where I started, and I'm going to try to say it intellectually), it makes me think that we have an intellectual and deeply political, profound responsibility to respond to each other's generosity. And that is an intellectual way of operating, and a political way of operating. And it might conceivably be part of a process, part of a chain of events where suddenly a lot of art and a lot of artists start bamming open this system that says it cannot be bammed open, just like it said it could not in the 1950's. It makes me feel like I have both a responsibility and a great opportunity to be an artist.

Excerpts from a talk given at the Headlands on July 13, 1991

Jimmie Durham is a writer, political activist, performance artist and sculptor.

Amalia Mesa Bains

AMALIA MESA BAINS:

Education and the Future of Our Communities

Both as an artist and as a person working in public education, I have been concerned with how culture makes its way into how people represent themselves artistically and how they engage in learning. Having been in San Francisco's school system for twenty years, I know that it is a struggle to define multicultural education. We are becoming multicultural, as a nation, as artists, and educators. We found we had not created a melting pot in this country. The notion of diversity in the United States is a very unusual set of concepts, and I think not replicable in other parts of the world. We are at a crossroad, and we are rethinking not just the meaning of learning, but the systems of education in which it is supposed to take place. We are beginning to expand what we know about learning, about cognition, about the way culture intervenes, from the intuitive ways that we learn in our families, to the symbolic ways that represent that knowing.

San Francisco is unique in its mix of historic and disenfranchised communities and immigrant communities. This is a major laboratory in an international sense of what new learning can actually be. We have a school district that is the most heterogeneous in the United States. Our linguistic cultural populations are the most challenging. We are involved in a laboratory of transcultural learning and can begin to rethink not only what we teach but also how we teach and how we learn from those who learn from us.

What Goéry Delacôte spoke of and what many of us in the field also talk about is an equation: experience + text = meaning. The text is what we provide: whether it is the book, the lesson, the raw material, the theory, or belief system. The experience is what the student brings and it is only the addition of those two things that actually produces meaning, because the text must be moved through the psychic-cultural human phenomena of the student's own experience in order for it to fit. On the experience side we have to ask, who is the learner? We have to begin to know who that individual is, who comes through our lives and to whom we are committed. We have to think of ourselves as part of that experience, because often as teachers we do not specify our own personal belief systems. Yet they govern how we arrange the text and how we judge the experience of the student. So we are questioning the fundamental processes in which we are engaged as teachers.

We begin to look at the context of learning. How does it take place? What kind of encounter is it? What is brought to bear in the encounter? And to some degree, how we crisscross the learning field. Other people call the methodology interdisciplinary approaches or multiple intelligences. It simply means looking at the potential elements that are at play in the context of learning and being able to describe and share that base of information with other people after having observed them. I think that is what we are struggling with now in the teaching fields.

Education is one of California's biggest dilemmas right now. Many of us are severely alarmed at the ways in which our government makes choices. As individuals, we are caught in the larger context of systems of political support or political resistance to education. But nonetheless we fall back on accessing what we do know to begin sharing that knowledge with teachers who are really in a new frontier. When I go out to talk to people who are involved in learning I often give the metaphor of a border, the school as a border, the zone of flux. And when you are in a zone of flux, you will experience contradiction. A border zone has its own shifting meanings. Multiple codes, multiple languages and those who must survive in that border zone have to have the characteristics of flexibility, risk taking, creativity, the capacity for ambiguity, to not always know. When we begin to describe this new role for teaching and learning, to set that context we have to start looking at metaphors like the border. Because on a very real level, in terms of immigrants, it just does not pertain to that classroom in that school, in that city, in that state. It is a major issue around the world. Trinh Minh-ha talks about the third world in the first world. We no longer can maintain the same structures that have compartmentalized us in a post-colonial age. We really know now that new ways of thinking bump up right against old ways of thinking. In the same communities and the same culture we have tradition and innovation side by side. And it is through the learning process that people begin to codify those and make sense out of the contradictions.

Goéry talked about the hierarchical/ authoritarian and horizontal/ lateral model. We have begun to think about them as the

GOERY DELACOTE

There seems to be growing consent about who a learner is. The learner comes to the learning process not as a blank page on which things will be written once education has taken place, but as an individual with a lot of views about himself. A teacher in a museum or a school usually wants to deliver information based on the knowledge or the content of skills they are trying to develop, but often they don't consider the experience of those who are being educated. If a teacher wants to start from the learners' knowledge, he or she has to have some means of accessing that sort of information.

What we know about children is that their understanding of nature and phenomena is an important form of knowledge about the world. In science, there is considerable documentation of children's spontaneous representations of phenomena such as heat, temperature, electricity, color, light, waves, movements, force and speed, irregardless of culture. Interestingly, a number of researchers think that these views are fundamentally the same in different cultures. They are not correct from a scientific point of view, but they help children adapt to the world they are living in.

When I was living in Tunisia, we did some research on the understanding of how an elementary electric circuit functions in a French classroom and a Tunisian classroom. In both classrooms, the children came up with a notion related to causality. If you have a battery and a bulb and you ask children to connect them, they connect them with the wire, explaining that something has to flow from the battery to the bulb. When they discover that it doesn't work with one wire, they then use two parallel wires. This is the same explanation in two different cultures but based on one basic view of causality.

There are also different ways of accessing information which is important in the learning process. In a highly structured family, information flows down from the wise to those who ask for it. In a less structured family, children may access information in a mere horizontal way less based on an authority and more on friends and peers. Clearly, these two models of accessing information are not equally efficient. The classical school environment favors the first approach. Children who would do very well under nontraditional methods may be completely handicapped in conventional schooling.

These reseach results imply changes in the role of the teacher who may be too remote from the student, or not know how the children are thinking. A new structure for the learning environment has to to be created. One has to invent new ways of organizing teaching so that the students can learn while the teacher observes them.

A teacher isn't allowed to demonstrate his or her own way of thinking very often. An apprenticeship approach would allow insight into the process of problem solving. A student would get an overview of the task by observing the 'master,' like watching someone doing carpentry except the learner is watching the thinking process of the teacher. You may remember the best teachers you had. They were probably also performers. They were clearly aware of 'thinking' and it was possible to follow their thinking process, to rebuild it. When this is done and there is real contact and a real observation situation between teachers and child or between peers, then there will be an important improvement in education. The teacher has to organize a set of resources, and the curriculum is not the only aspect of it. There should be change in the design of the curriculum not based on the structure of the discipline, but based on the use of knowledge. For instance, there could be small groups, with another person besides the teacher. The role of the teacher as a resource person: organizer and integrator of his or her views are the three important aspects of the new way of teaching.

Goéry Delacôte is the executive director of the Exploratorium. He is a French scientist with a doctorate in physics from the Ecole Normale Supérieure in Paris and has been involved in science education from the outset of his career. He was instrumental in developing the Parc LaVillette in Paris.

Goéry Delacôte

analytical and the relational models. We have observed that American classrooms and American learning institutions are generally oriented towards the analytical learner, a learner that is rewarded for learning individually without the help of others. An individual learner shows no sign of personalizing the information towards you, the teacher. It is learning for its own sake. We almost feel that we would be contaminating those fine minds if we introduced a personal reason for learning something. So the analytical model does not reward interpersonal motivations for learning, but does reward on task, individualized, competitive, teacher-oriented and teacher responsive production. What we look at now is another kind of learning that we do not know as much about, and that we have not really addressed in the American classroom. The relational learner tends to learn cooperatively.

There is a very fine educator named Mary Bacon who says: 'Children will work at a subject they hate for a teacher they love, but they will not work at a subject they love for a teacher they hate.' We know that teaching can be a life-giving, very personal experience, yet somehow we have decided that it is not essential.

We find that children in larger families, or who are raised in very circumscribed areas such as ghettos, tend to work more cooperatively since they do not have as much space and privacy. Cooperative learning is not necessarily an inborn design of culture: it is a response to situations that the poor, the over populated and underserved find themselves in. The relational model is, to some degree, a personalizing element, where the learning process itself is communicated linguistically and spontaneously in creative ways, as opposed to learning in an analytical way and responding when called upon.

It is probably most obvious in African American communities where linguistic styles of the Pan-African language base make a very creative use of call and response, in which language is not simply for communicating information but is actually an art in itself, a performance, a way of affirming and of being affirmed. This kind of rich linguistic use in problem solving, in thinking and working has never been allowed in our American classrooms. We have lost many many children who were language rich and operating at a high level of creative responsiveness, because we thought they were being unruly and we wanted them to stay in their seats. Those are the reasons that we are rethinking what we are doing in education, because our risk factors tell us that one out of every two Latino children does not get past the ninth grade in this nation. We know we are at risk and if we do not change the way we learn and teach, we are not going to save these children.

Learning by heart is not learning by rote. When one is emotionally responsive the conditions of mental acuity increase. When children are too anxious about the limited English that they have and we call upon them too often or force production out of them, their filters cloud up and the little English knowledge they do have simply disappears.

Howard Gardner's idea of multiple intelligence is something many of us in the arts field are demanding: multiple aesthetics—we do not have to get stuck with one way of seeing, hearing, moving. We know that there is more than one way and one is not better than the other but different. Each has its own standard and criteria. He talks about the movement from intuition- to symbolic- to notational- to discipline-based knowledge and that one has to give way to the other. We do not stop listening when we learn to speak. We do not stop speaking when we learn to read and we do not stop reading when we learn to write. Our lives are layered with multiple modes of understanding. I am going to read this one quote from Howard Gardner about the ideal state of learning:

'When students encounter the various forms of knowledge operating together in a natural situation, when they see accomplished adult masters moving back and forth spontaneously among these forms, when they themselves are involved in rich and engaging projects which call upon a variety of modes of representation, when they have the opportunity to interact and communicate with individuals who evidence complimentary forms of learning, these are the situations that facilitate proper alignment among the various forms of knowledge. '

I think that is what we are talking about today. That can only take place when we respect knowledge enough to observe and learn and recognize that it does not come from academies. But that knowledge comes from human behavior, human practices, the way people raise their children and the ways they learn to live in their communities.

Excerpts from a talk given at the Headlands on April 6, 1991

Amalia Mesa Bains is an artist and educator with a doctorate in psychology. She has written extensively on culture and identity among Chicano artists and exhibited nationally and internationally. She was recently awarded a MacArthur Foundation Fellowship for her work in multicultural arts.

Water Streams: Connecting Communities

Rory SnowArrow Faussett: Native people consider the water, wind, the rocks, the air to be beings with equal rights as humans and sometimes as super-ordinate peoples. So the first issue in western law and native rights, is the arrogance of humans putting themselves at the top of a hierarchical pyramid where they control creation. In many tribal religious structures, animals are closer to the creator than human beings are. As native peoples, we pray to a lot of spirits to give us guidance. One of the great things we try to work on is the humbleness of our posture within the ecosphere.

The dilemma for attorneys representing tribal peoples is that in the western legal system you have to package up all your arguments in the dominant discourse of the court system. Western law leaves out the ecosystem and satisfies human needs first, such as agriculture or development. It's very difficult for natives to go in and argue that you have a right to the salmon or the entire ecosystem pyramiding around that salmon.

Ellen Manchester & Bob Dawson: We are both riding the fence between the environmental community and the visual arts community and not really finding a niche for ourselves in either one of

those groups. We are interested in challenging the myth of the romantic hero in the west, of the individual dominating the landscape.

Bob: For the photographers who are involved with this project, our relationship to water is the thing that motivates us. It is almost a personal quest. What propels us out into a landscape? What are the personal things, above and beyond all the political and social stuff, that keeps us doing this year after year? For me, it is a way of trying to come to grips with my own relationship to the land. There is an aspect of spirituality that our language fails to adequately describe. Our culture, the Anglo culture, doesn't have a way of dealing with that in the way the Indian culture seems to have. I'm not sure our culture does anything other than to exploit the land. We are attempting to understand that.

It has been the traditional role of artists to go to their attics and work by themselves and create their own work which is about their own personal experiences. In the art world artists are beginning to see that they are part of the bigger world and that their work should perhaps reflect the personal as well as the external. Art at this time has moved away from personal self-reflection, to looking at where we are as a culture, what our place as artists is within that culture and to making statements and work dealing with that.

The beginning of the Los Angeles River at the confluence of Bell Creek and Arroyo Calabasa, Water in the West Project.

Excerpts from a talk given at Headlands on August 10, 1990

Rory SnowArrow Fausett teaches in the Native American Studies Program at UC Berkeley. A lawyer, his area of specialization is native water rights.

Ellen Manchester is a curator, arts administrator and photography historian. She was the founder and director of the Rephotographic Survey Project.

Bob Dawson is a photographer whose books include *The Great Central Valley: California's Heartland,* 1992.

Ellen and Bob co-direct the Water in the West Project.

The Water in the West Project was founded in 1989 by eight photographers who shared a common interest in landscape issues and specifically in the culture and history of the American West. To the members of the Water in the West Project, water is the most compelling metaphor and prescient symbol for the legacy of attitudes that have so profoundly shaped the landscape of the West. The Project is studying the cultural values and attitudes that have brought us to a critical imbalance with nature. Water in the West hopes to serve as a clearinghouse for ideas and as a structure to encourage collaborative and interdisciplinary work on critical cultural and environmental issues. Project members are Bob Dawson, Ellen Manchester, Greg Conniff, Mark Klett, Peter Goin, Martin Stupich, Wanda Hammerbeck, Terry Evans, Laurie Brown, Sant Khalsa, Sharon Stewart, and Joseph Bartscherer, and Jane Stenetijem.

A Project of the Headlands Center for the Arts

ONE

ANNE FOCKE: Artists and Economics

An excerpt from "Artists and Economics: Notes from the Headlands"

In August 1991, Headlands Center for the Arts gave me a room, a food stipend, and most importantly about a week and a half away from the constant demands of my office. I used this time to mull over questions of artists and economics that had been on my mind for several years. Many of my thoughts on the subject had been stimulated by specific writers, and during my time at Headlands, I took time to re-introduce myself to their writing. I recorded this engagement with their work in a paper that contains short excerpts, paraphrased ideas, and some of the thoughts about artists and economics that their writing stimulated in me.

The written result of my stay at Headlands, 'Artists and Economics,' remains open-ended and relatively unfinished. I think of it as notes for more writing and, perhaps more importantly, as notes toward action and finding new directions. The following excerpt deals with some of Jane Jacobs' thoughts on economics.

I bought Jane Jacobs' book *Cities and the Wealth of Nations* by mistake. I thought I was getting her earlier book, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*. Cities and downtowns were very much on my mind and in my life at the time (1985-86). Besides, economics is not a subject I'd have taken up intentionally. A dry and mostly unmemorable college course on economics left me with the impression that economics was fairly unrelated to daily life. About all I remember is something about sole proprietorships and the structure of corporations, plus a few larger and even more intangible concepts of capitalism and socialism.

When I bought Jacobs' book, I was very concerned with how money moved around and with how to get it flowing to things I cared about — to artists and work and activities I valued. At the time, I was responsible for and was trying to raise money for a small, nonprofit, artist-run organization. Raising money for this organization was not an easy task. I began to realize that the problems I faced were not uncommon; typically the artists and work I cared about struggled financially. My interest in getting money to artists led to other efforts: working to establish an organization to support artists in Washington State; and organizing a conference on 'Creative Support for Creative Artists' that delved into the topic of how artists are (and mostly are not) supported by our society or by the communities they live in. But for the most part, 'economics' was not on my mind.

Jane Jacobs writes of 'probing the mysteries of economic structure' and 'the rise and decline of wealth.' The first chapter of *Cities and the Wealth of Nations,* 'Fool's Paradise,' recaps much of the history of economists' work and concludes that 'several centuries of hard ingenious thought about supply and demand ...have told us almost nothing about the rise and decline of wealth ...We are on our own.'

The understandings that Jacobs reveals and weaves through her writing (both this book and an earlier one, *The Economy of Cities),* appeal to me in part because they seem drawn from real circumstances, from close attention and observation, and from making connections among the things she finds rather than from applying abstracted theories or handed-down principles. I didn't need prior knowledge to follow along with her and to 'get it.'

One of Jacobs' principal points is that cities are the basic economic unit, not nations. An unexamined assumption that nations are the primary economic unit, she believes, critically undermines most earlier economic thought. Beyond this (and where I got really hooked), she identifies the primary forces that drive economic growth: 'economic life develops by grace of innovating; it expands by grace of import-replacing.' (By 'import-replacing,' Jacobs means the process whereby cities begin to produce for themselves what they once imported.)

The value she attributes to innovation, improvisation, and insight, and their centrality to her understanding of economic life, seems to make room for artists in the economic scheme of things, even though she seldom mentions artists directly. She doesn't say that humans are driven to innovate or imitate, just that when we do, economic life grows.

Adam Smith, whose work is the basis of much classical marketplace economic theory (and who, like Jacobs, apparently reached his conclusions empirically) postulated that the prime force that motivates economic life is self-interest, a desire to augment one's own wealth and to better one's own condition — which has been turned, by now, into a desire to consume and to acquire. Bettering one's own condition could have meant lots of things, it seems to me — increasing our knowledge, enriching

our spirit, adding and deepening friendships. Instead, our economy has become dependent on acquisition and consumption, and our society has become one that often seems to have little other purpose.

The 'drive to better oneself' does not play a strong role in Jacob's thinking. It may emerge with her assumption that as we replace an import (by producing it ourselves) we immediately find other things to import — that is, rather than saving or using the newly available resources to buy something local or to make gifts. But I'm not sure — she doesn't write explicitly about it.

Jacobs talks of the mechanisms of economic growth itself, of innovation and imitation (replacing imports), and not about self-interest or acquisitiveness, buying and selling, capital accumulation, or supply and demand. Her notions of economic health (growth and development) aren't about accumulation, but rather are about energy, the process, initiative, and the generation of new ideas and new little things. In a sense, process is only incidentally about getting bigger. Sometimes economic development (or growth) results in a city getting bigger, but sometimes in renewal or in reversal of decay and stagnation.

Jacobs has thought-provoking things to say about innovation and economic life.

To be effective as developers and expanders of economic life, she says, cities need innovations (or 'inputs of human insight') and import replacements (or 'inputs of human capacity to make adaptive imitations'). Innovations are made by adding new kinds of work, logically and naturally, to specific bits of older work. When this proceeds vigorously, a settlement becomes a city. Innovations are complicated and diverse.

Adding new work to old is full of surprises and hard to predict. The process, Jacobs writes, is analogous to a form of logic-or intuition — that artists use. It involves being alert to messages in the work being made. The creator must have an insight and make a new departure. Innovation does not emerge from the logic of a customer; it does not come from sales departments.

Development work is messy, consumes time and energy, involves duplication of effort, and is theoretically wasteful. Cities are economically valuable because they are inefficient and impractical. To stimulate further development, new improvisations and innovations must be continually injected into everyday life.

Conditions that promote efficient production and distribution of existing goods and services are diametrically opposed to conditions that promote economic development. The period when an organization is most fertile is when it is small. Economic life can expand quickly within symbiotic collections of messy little enterprises, unpredictably and opportunistically changing in content.

In a large organization nearly all the divisions of labor must be sterile. That is, they can't actively be adding new kinds of work. If they were, the organization's 'community of purpose' would vanish. Even in nature, when an organism becomes complex, it keeps its reproductive cells confined to one small part of the organism only. Large organizations likewise set up specific 'reproductive organs' — research and development departments.

When we who are concerned about artists and about new work use 'research and development' as our metaphor, we're using a concept that's borrowed from large organizations rather than from messy little enterprises. Developing new work at a high rate, Jacobs says, requires access to much inefficiently dispensed capital (like developing new art).

'The great cold of poverty and economic stagnation is the absence of economic development,' and these processes are rooted in the development work that goes on in impractical cities, where one kind of work leads inefficiently to another. Poverty has no causes — only prosperity has causes.

People in government tend to seek sweeping answers to problems rather than to bring their minds to bear on a particular small problem in a particular place. Yet, the latter is how innovations of any sort are apt to begin — specific solutions to specific problems in specific places. Nationally or internationally mandated solutions are at cross-purposes to development.

The primary economic conflict is not between employers and employees but between people with already well-established economic enterprises and those with new ones. New interests need a 'third-hand' as a protector to allow them get a start, and Jacobs believes this 'third-hand' role is best played by governments. Successful economic development must be open-ended rather than goal-oriented. It must make itself up as it goes along. It must drift. It must be 'an improvisational drift into unprecedented kinds of work that carry unprecedented problems, then drifting into improvised solutions, which carry further unprecedented work carrying unprecedented problems...' Goal-oriented, strategic planning assumes economic life can be conquered, mobilized, bullied — which works if the activity is warfare, but not if it is development.

Cyril Stanley Smith, quoted in Jacobs' book, writes that necessity is not the mother of invention, rather necessity takes advantage of invention. Invention proceeds from something much more like aesthetic curiosity. Most minerals were discovered for use as pigments, he notes. Metallurgy began with the making of beads and other ornaments. Techniques for casting cannons were based on a technology developed to make bells. Further, big things grow from little things. New little things can be destroyed by their environments unless they are cherished for reasons more like aesthetic appreciation than like 'practical utility' or success in the marketplace.

Discoveries often happen on the way to something else. There is an order to the drift of economic life as it grows and expands, but it is not the order of challenge and response more common in the military. Rather, the order is more like biological evolution. The more niches filled within a given ecology, the more efficiently that ecology uses energy and the richer it is in life and the means to support life. Similarly, economies that produce amply and diversely for their own people and for export, are better off than economies that are specialized.

In addition to innovation, many other things are needed in an economically vital city — energetic adaptation and replacement of imports, other cities of the same size with which to trade, sources of inefficient and unorthodox capital for new little ventures, and a 'third hand' that protects new ventures from established ones.

Examples of innovation that Jacobs mentions in her texts include:

- innovations within a single, existing enterprise: the dressmaker who develops the brassiere; the mining company that develops many uses for the glue that holds sand to paper.

- innovations of scientists and universities — as extensions of their research and inquiry.

Additional sources of great innovation, I would add, are artists and artist 'incubators.' We should invest in them and nurture them (though not for their practical utility). And we must also be sure that their work is 'injected' into daily life.

How much is an artist's process like these economic processes? Are they similar processes in different realms? Or, if we assume that specialized realms once considered distinct often overlap, might we not find that the two (that is, artist and economic processes) also often overlap?

Instead of speaking just of the 'economy,' economic writers used to refer to 'political economy' — based on the assumption that the two (politics and economics) could not be separated, and that politics was not distinct from economics. Can creative or cultural concerns be separated any more easily from either politics or economics? What phrase might we use to reflect the reality that creativity and culture also are not distinct from the realms of economics and politics, and vice versa — 'political and cultural economy' or 'creative political economy?'

How can we create ways to support the messy, inefficient work of artists and inject it into everyday life in specific places? Isn't there the chance that, in some inefficient and open-ended way, this will help these cities increase their ability to produce amply and diversely for their own people, as well as for others? (In Jacobs' terms, economic development results when cities 'produce amply and diversely for their own people, as well as for others.')

Support for artists is often made available through competitive processes. Competitions are too often set up like school tests: there are 'right answers' and artists must figure out what they are. This is a very unlikely way to creatively inject the messy work of artists into everyday life. It feels more like a strategic plan to get the 'right' person for an already defined job.

Initial thoughts about how to take action with the above ideas:

Learn from percent-for-art/public art programs that establish diversionary 'toll gates' that direct to art work a small percentage of the money flowing to capital projects of various governmental jurisdictions. Presumably, this money feeds and nourishes the capital projects through artists' work, as well as feeding and nourishing the art and the artist. Learn how 'economic development' dollars work and where they flow within private and governmental agencies, and then set up similar toll gates, directing toward artists some of the money collected, to support artists and also to nurture economic development with their energies, in the messy and inefficient way that Jacobs suggests.

Involve artists in the economic development process in other ways. Make it more an artist's process. Encourage artists to participate in setting economic policy and in deciding where economic development dollars flow.

Provide a place for artists in 'business incubators.' These facilities (sometimes governmental, sometimes private, sometimes university-based) provide work space, support, and working capital for new little ventures.

Find places and roles for artists in private enterprises as well — in the research departments of large companies, in partnership with small innovative companies, and in collaboration with other inventors and scientists.

'Friends of the Rag' was a loosely-knit group of between 20 and 50 artists, clothing designers, costume artists and artists making wearable sculpture who were active in Seattle in the mid 1970's. While it would be difficult to prove that these artists were in any sense directly responsible for the emergence of a strong fashion industry in the area, they may well have played a critical role in generating the energy that made Seattle a place for innovative fashion, clothing design, and imaginative costumes. They changed the atmosphere and the spirit and the overall sense of creativity and potential in the Seattle clothing world. They infused it with imagination and innovation.

Innovation, invention, and especially aesthetic curiosity are traits that are being specialized right out of our culture, and the trend may be intensified by the separation of artists into their own worlds. Separating artists from the ongoing life of communities (as happens increasingly) might actually be detrimental to a healthy economy. Jacobs mentions in a letter, 'By isolating artists or relegating them to the margins of "normal" life, we have also been eliminating from "normal" life traits that are part and parcel of economic development.'

Excerpts from a paper given at the Headlands on August 31, 1991

Anne Focke is an independent consultant in planning and programming for the arts. She has conceptualized projects such as and/or, and Artists Trust, an organization providing grants to artists. She lives in Seattle.

Fluids 1967 by Allan Kaprow, performed at various locations in Los Angeles. Julian Wasser, Time Inc.

HOWARD BECKER, LINDA BURNHAM, ALLAN KAPROW: Art World Affiliations

Allan: Communities and organizations aren't necessarily the same thing, though they can be. A business organization can be very impersonal and constitute no community values or interests. But within that organization it's quite possible to also have a number of individuals who are close to one another as a community. In the arts we belong to a number of organizations and find that supportive and interesting. At the same time, we may also belong to communities that could be at certain moments organizational as well.

Back in the 1950's a number of artists became known as Happeners and I was one of them. We were an organization, not a community, and though we admired each other's work, our personal lives had only marginally to do with one another. As the movement known as 'Happenings' developed we were thrown together to give works publicly. The movement fell apart in 1961 the minute an article was written in which I was named as a key figure. Suddenly my friends disappeared, and they struck out on their own. So the movement and its fragile community fell apart as soon as someone was singled out.

I have belonged to communities, but none of them have been in the arts. And that's not to say that it's impossible, because Linda Burnham is warmly interested in that in her own life; her personal and professional life are one. In Howard's book, *Art Worlds,* he makes very clear that there are literally dozens of art worlds, there is not 'a' art world, and it isn't particularly communitarian, though it might be.

Howard: I grew up in the music business, For many years, I played in taverns, for weddings and parties and so forth. This wasn't a career in jazz, it was just piano playing. And that was a community of a particular kind, which means that on any Saturday night a group of four, five or six people, who often have never laid eyes on each other before, will walk in and start playing as though they'd rehearsed and worked together for years. This can happen because there's a kind of craft community, a group who know the same stuff, a certain amount of keyboard harmony and songs, and can put together a night of music without the least bit of trouble.

This is true in theatre, dance, and the visual arts; artists have taken lessons at some time and that becomes the basis for their common language.

As musicians we didn't have performance spaces, we had taverns. Because somebody else set up our performance spaces, we didn't have to worry about the rent, or the lights or the heating bill or any of that. On the other hand, we had to work for those people in their spaces and play what they wanted.

It's not that communities are good or that organizations are bad. Organizations are the mechanism by which we can provide a little continuity, so that we can keep it going, so that we don't have to worry every night, 'where can I perform tonight?' So organizations actually do one of the many things that we want our collective action to do.

The typical kind of complaint one hears in the arts is that communities aren't organized enough and organizations aren't community enough. People get tired of the formlessness of community and they want the organization. Both are parts of every kind of collective action.

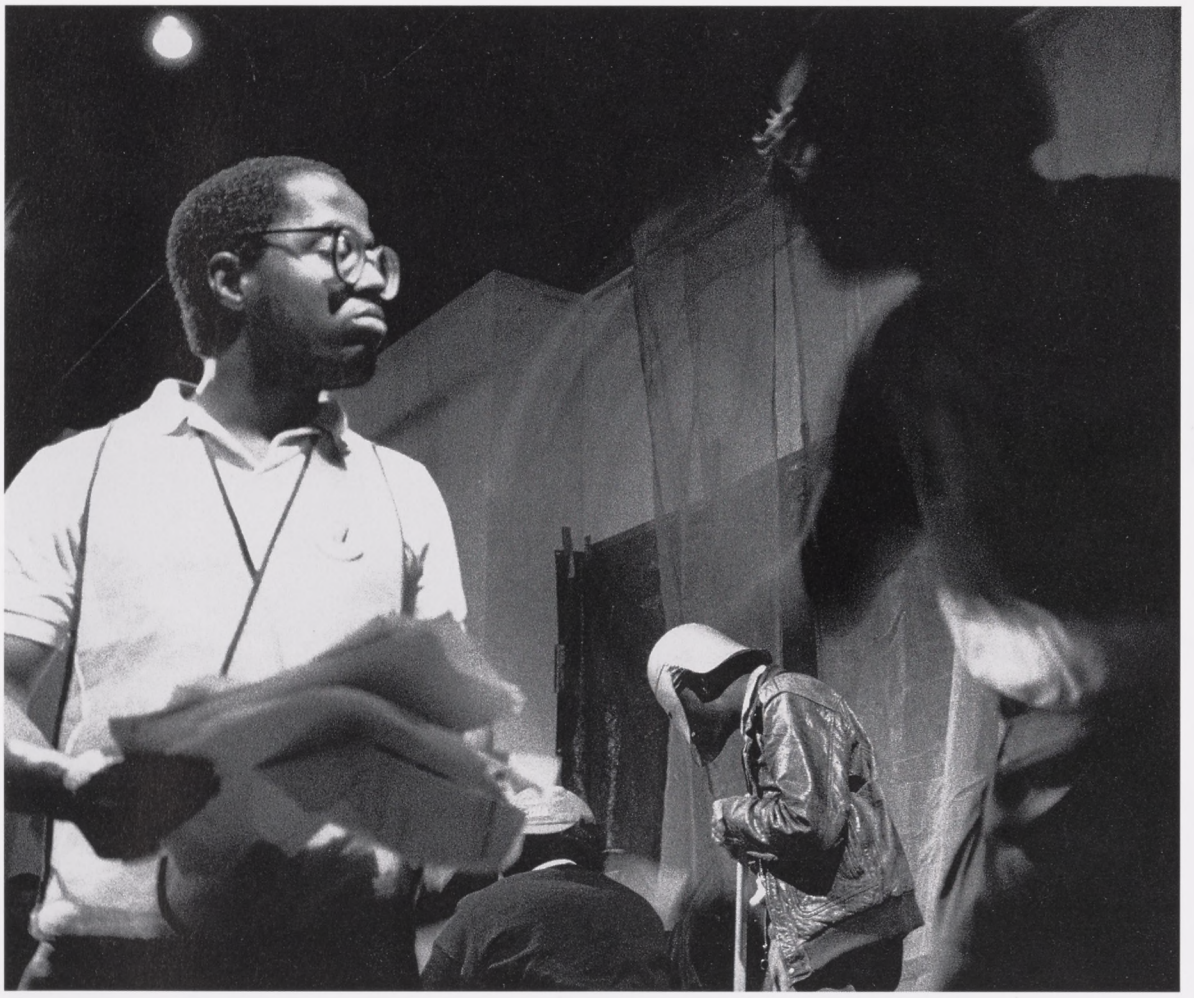
Linda: With organizations there's an assumption that when you start something with a lot of fervor and belief, it will go on forever. We never think about it only lasting for five years. The Woman's Building began with the rise of feminism in the early 1970's and became a hotbed of feminist activity.

The founders eventually departed because they got tired of running the organization. Finally, there was a crisis of leadership and they closed, and a lot of people were asking if feminism was over or had it failed? I'd like to think of it as metamorphosing: that the Woman's Building had fulfilled its goals. But we still felt loss and sadness. Guillermo Gómez-Peña went through the break-up of Border Arts Workshop in San Diego and, I believe, he also experienced some of what Allan was talking about, the singling out of an individual and the loss of community.

Another aspect of community is how you relate to the community that surrounds you. As a nonprofit, you have to have a mission statement that shows that you exist to serve the public in some way. This generation of artists and arts organizations is being urged by all those who fund them to interact with the communities in which they live, with the problems of their communities, meaning their neighborhoods. Art for art's sake may not be worth any money five years from now.

I know a lot of people who are working in communities dealing with homelessness and AIDS and social problems. I got into a discussion with Allan and Howard about how much good that really does.

John Malpede has a small performance troupe of homeless



Los Angeles Poverty Department Inspects America: Chicago, directed by John Malpede.

people who I know have had their lives changed. People who were sleeping in the street now have places to live, and they have a self esteem based on their own self expression that they didn't have before.

In terms of the millions of homeless, it's more of a symbolic activity, it has an impact on the public mind. Besides the individual lives that are saved, maybe six to ten lives, the real impact is finally on the artist him or herself. If an artist can do something that seems to actually have an impact, it saves their lives in some way.

Howard: There's no doubt that John Malpede has all the effects you say he does on the people he works with. But if one person has to work that hard to help six to ten people, that somehow isn't the answer to the whole problem of homelessness.

It's not that this is a bad thing to do or that's it's ineffective, but that it's unrealistic for artists to hold up for themselves the ideal that they should solve the problem. The question is what can we do?

Linda: There are a lot of artists in the world who don't have any choice about becoming active. Tim Miller is part of a community that is dying of AIDS, it's literally impossible for Tim to turn his back on that issue in his performance work. Some of us may have choices, some don't.

Allan: What kind of service can artists perform rather than only addressing crisis issues? There's a whole generation of children and young people who may not be exposed to the arts, and some of us may have talent for doing that. For example, at UCSD (University of California at San Diego) in the art department, there is a group of graduate students who are going into the schools with arts projects of a very performative nature, not painting or learning to play the fiddle, but the kind of playful side of performative situations.

In one project the kids photograph each other, but in a pose or a situation in which the kid wants to be. One kid acts it out and the other kid takes the picture. At the end they bring the pictures back into the classroom and the children tell stories based upon putting the photographs together. The whole thing then becomes a way to construct a community with a narrative: who am I, who are you? Identity issues come up.

Crisis issues are part of a much bigger problem which perhaps could be approached with young people when their personalities are being formed. Preparing for their future is just as important as addressing a problem when it occurs.

Ann Chamberlain: Linda, can you talk about working in a diversified community and how that's affected your methods and processes of communication?

Linda: When we opened Highways, a group of people showed up from different racial communities and from different sexual preferences. Some couldn't do experimental work in their own communities. The African American theatre community for example is busy trying to establish itself as a tradition, and experimental work pulls the rug out from under it. Others came to work at Highways with people from other groups.

One of the things I learned from Guillermo Gómez-Peña was about border crossing: people have to be willing to step across borders and try to communicate to each other. We are committed to the process of multiculturalism, to working out our differences and exploring the kinds of new programs that we can forge.

During the NEA crisis, we started an organization called ATTACK, which stands for Artists Take The Action In Cultural Krisis. We asked people from different groups to come and had a multiracial group of people at the first meeting. We felt the most democratic way to run the meeting was by Robert's Rules of Order. But people of color started leaving, and said, 'Robert's Rules of Order, isn't how we do things, it isn't how we talk to people.' When border crossers meet, there has to be a lot of time and commitment to the process of communication, to different ways of interacting, not just what is said but how it's said, and that can't be dictated by one group: for it to work across boundaries everyone has to be part of the process.

I'm in a community right now, the 18th Street Arts Complex, where Highways is located. I live and work there, and so does my daughter Jill, and many of my colleagues. The benefits are definitely not financial. I guess I've been working all my life in the belief that there are other payoffs besides money, such as interacting with each other, creating and using your imagination together. My daughter now wants to grow up to be like me. How many parents can say that? I treated this community as something real; once you get involved, it changes your life and you can't turn your back on it.

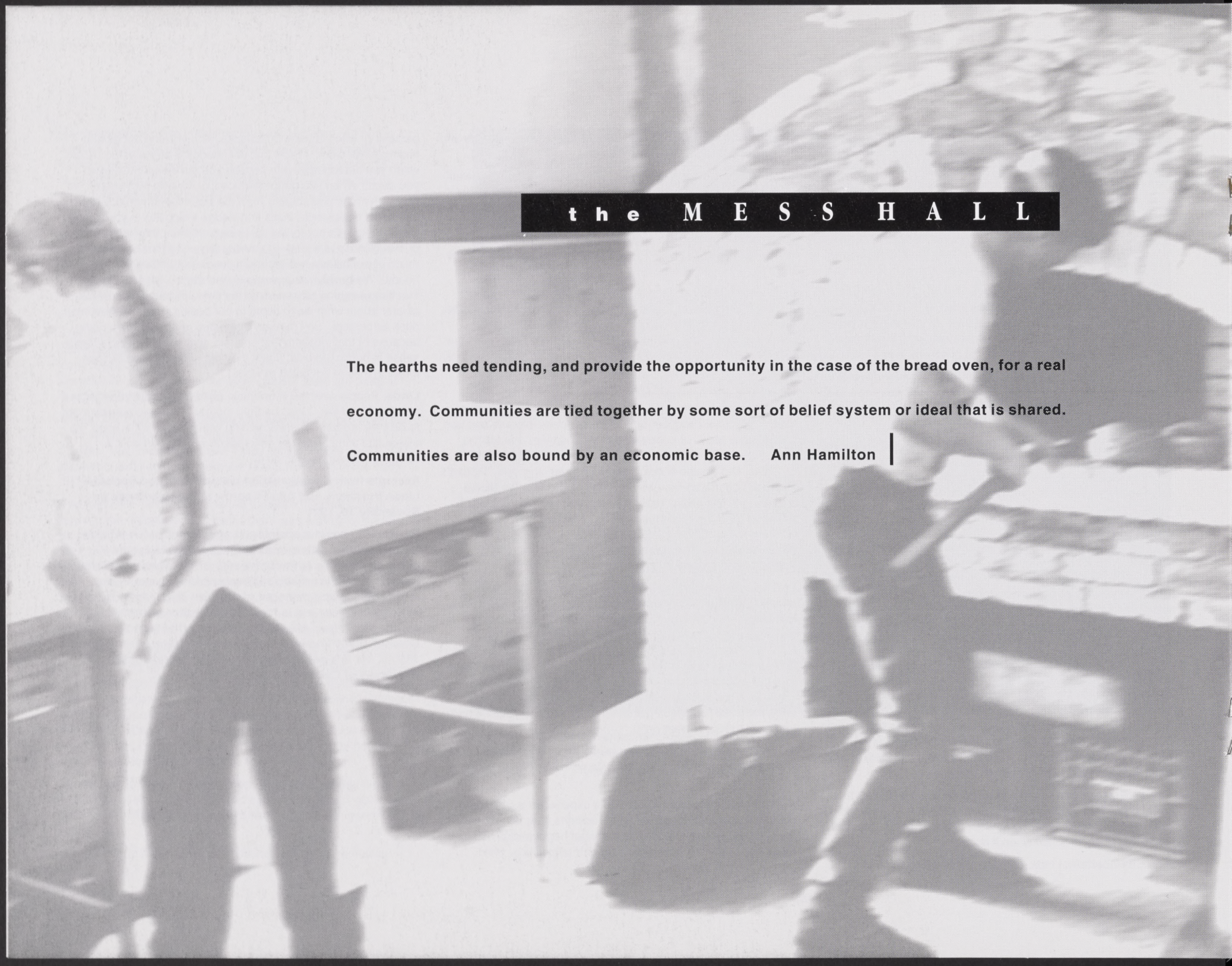
AC: Allan, one of the things you talked about was this notion of knowledge through the body. How do we relate that to community?

Allan: I have a suspicion that all real experience is physical. It's not ideas, although ideas are what happens after the experience, when we begin to think about what happened to us. It really has to do with body tensions, with relaxations, with perspiring, with standing off balance, with shaking hands and finding a wet palm. I think that community is physical too. That when you eat together with people, you are closer than when you don't. When you dance with people, or sing with people, or play with them, you actually form the basis for community and that's real experience, that's knowledge which lies in your bones forever. And it's not to say that ideas are bad, they're wonderful, or that thinking is wrong—it's necessary—but that much too much of our culture has tended to sever our bodies from our heads. We devalue its messages and say it's too bad we've got that thing hanging around us all the time. But we should think clearer about what we're doing to our bodies, treating them, at best, as objects. So I'm really interested in what Linda's doing because of that idealism that she has, that drive to keep a family sense in public projects, that if they get to be theoretical, then forget it, they're not going to work.

Linda: People over the years have used the word 'mother' about me, you know like, 'Don't be their mother.' Well, somebody's got to be their mother. There's nothing wrong with motherhood, it's a beautiful thing. And the only reason we're down on it is because women have to do it.

Excerpts from a conversation between Howard Becker, Linda Burnham, and Allan Kaprow at the Headlands on November 10, 1991

Howard Becker is a sociologist and author of *Art Worlds.* He has studied artists communities extensively and currently teaches at the University of Washington. Linda Frye Burnham is artistic codirector of Highways Performance Space and manager of the 18th Street Arts Complex in Santa Monica, and is founder and editor of *High Performance Magazine.* Allan Kaprow is an artist who became internationally known as the creator of 'Happenings' in the 1950's. He is a performance artist and professor at University of California at San Diego.

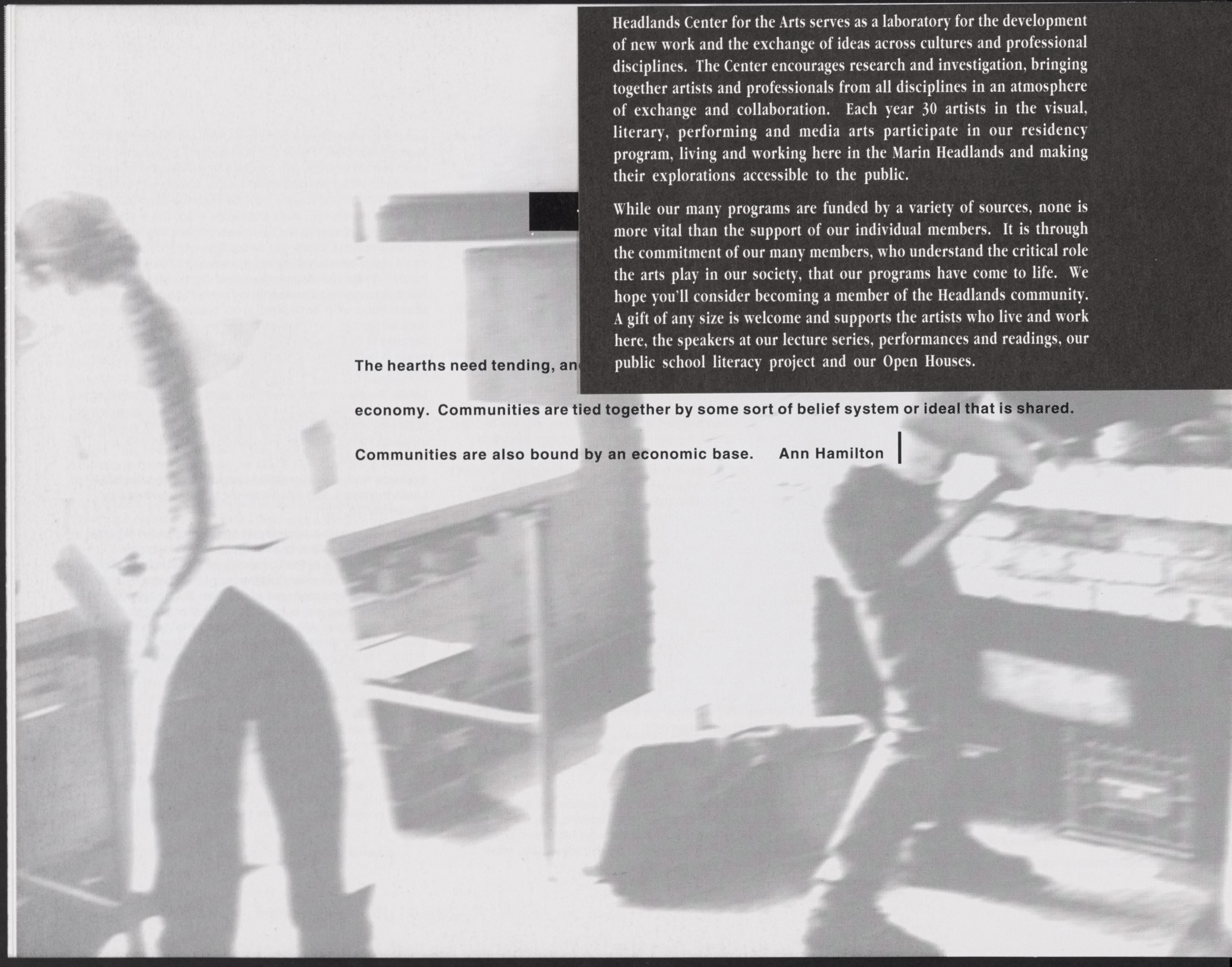


the MESS HALL

The hearths need tending, and provide the opportunity in the case of the bread oven, for a real economy. Communities are tied together by some sort of belief system or ideal that is shared. Communities are also bound by an economic base. Ann Hamilton

During 1990, Ann Hamilton lived at Headlands and renovated the Mess Hall which was completed in 1991. The renovation includes two hearths, a bread oven and a masonry stove for heating the area, counter space, and tables and chairs for banquets or individual meals.

Ann Hamilton's project is more than a renovation of the space to fulfill the needs of the organization. It addresses the quality of interaction which occurs among those working there. The kitchen is a place for nourishment and also a principal site for labor and socializing within a domestic space. From the chairs that were brought in by the community, to the hearths and the space for preparation of food, the Mess Hall embraces and supports the notion of community as process and requires the active involvement of the Headlands for its completion and continued life.



Headlands Center for the Arts serves as a laboratory for the development of new work and the exchange of ideas across cultures and professional disciplines. The Center encourages research and investigation, bringing together artists and professionals from all disciplines in an atmosphere of exchange and collaboration. Each year 30 artists in the visual, literary, performing and media arts participate in our residency program, living and working here in the Marin Headlands and making their explorations accessible to the public.

While our many programs are funded by a variety of sources, none is more vital than the support of our individual members. It is through the commitment of our many members, who understand the critical role the arts play in our society, that our programs have come to life. We hope you'll consider becoming a member of the Headlands community. A gift of any size is welcome and supports the artists who live and work here, the speakers at our lecture series, performances and readings, our public school literacy project and our Open Houses.

The hearths need tending, an

economy. Communities are tied together by some sort of belief system or ideal that is shared.

Communities are also bound by an economic base. **Ann Hamilton**

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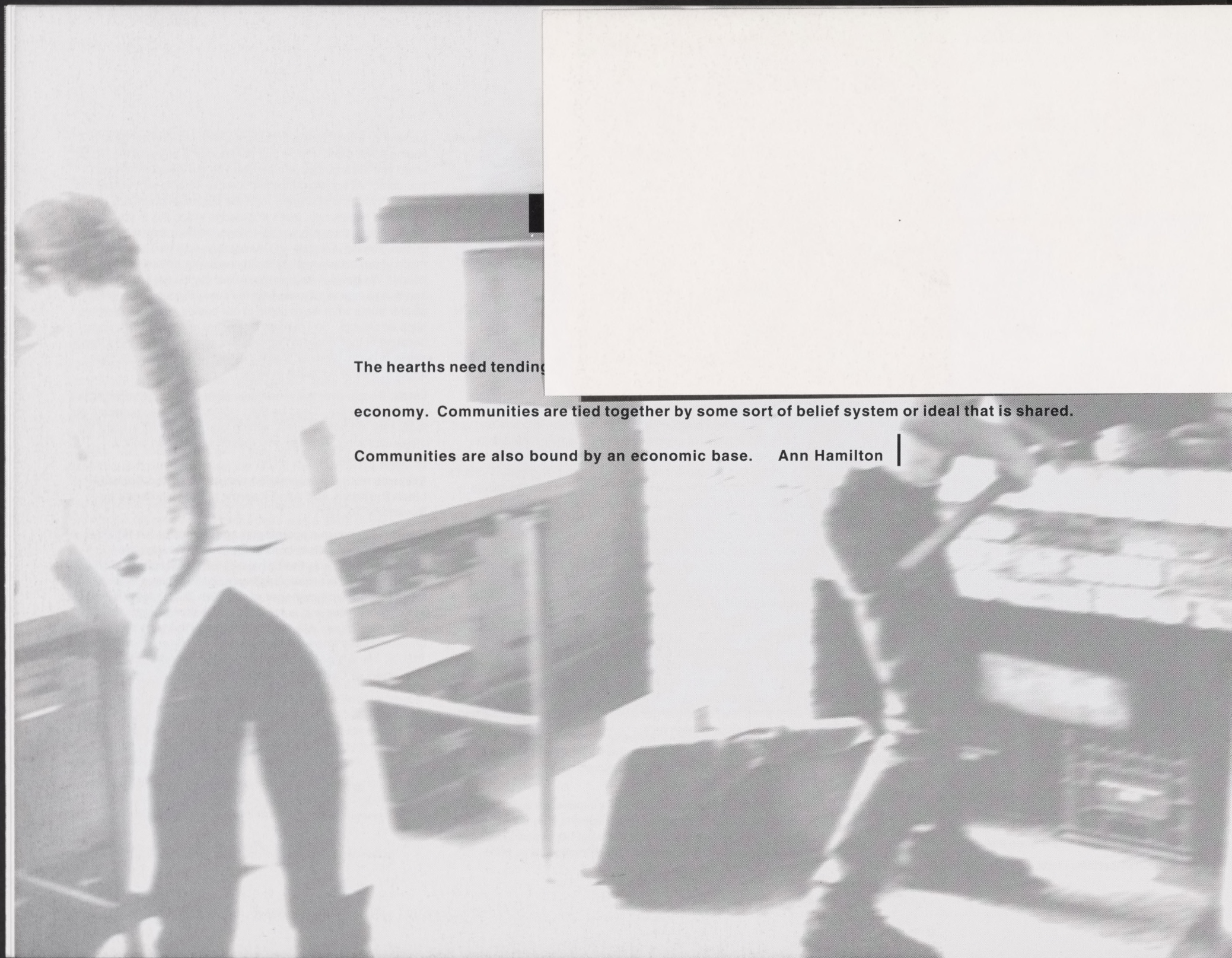

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Ann Hamilton: The Kitchen-Mess Hall Project

The kitchen and Mess Hall by Ann Hamilton brings the first floor of Headlands Center for the Arts to final form. Ann was commissioned in 1989 to restore not only the physical setting but also the utility of the room, originally designed to prepare and serve three meals a day for the 120 soldiers living in the Fort Barry Barracks. The kitchen and Mess Hall had fallen into considerable disrepair and structural repairs had to be made, as well as provisions for heating, lighting, seating, the finished surface treatment, and the installation of new cooking facilities.

From the first, Ann was concerned that the completed project convey a feeling of warmth and nurture. This concern emerges from the literal function of the rooms, which feed and restore the human body. The physical setting of the rooms though, presented obstacles to this concept: the dining hall is low-ceilinged; its south side is below grade; its concrete, steel, tin and plaster construction tends to coldness. Ann opened the room more toward the outdoors with a new door in the northeast corner and two restored windows on the kitchen's other wall. Two great stoves at opposite ends furnish both cooks and diners with heat sources. But much of the feeling of warmth in the room is provided more conceptually than physically: by the choices of color on the walls, by the homey seating of unmatched chairs and the rustic quality of the trestle tables, and above all by the awareness of 'aromas and flavors of past and present' — to borrow Alice B. Toklas' title — as they subtly appear, shift, fade and linger in the room.

Much of the essence of these rooms — of Ann's work — is subtle, even invisible. It was indeed her vision of the project — to facilitate community and nourishment, not merely to be visually striking architecture or decor — that led to her commission in the first place. That vision exactly met a fundamental quality of the Center, which is that the place is about discourse. In a cultural context in which 'art' too often is a commodity, the Center is concerned with art as a component of community-making, not as a commercial enterprise. We will see how Ann's work embodies her own approach to these concepts, and how the ramifications of her work suggest and extend past and present activity at the Center.

What Ann found when she arrived at Headlands in October 1989, was a dim, damp, low-ceilinged cave of a dining room, vaguely echoing the structures and treatment of the meeting room above it (cylindrical steel columns, ornamental pressed-tin ceiling, straightforward fir millwork molding), with a spacious but cluttered kitchen tucked away off the southwest corner. The kitchen (indeed the entire south side of the dining room) was below ground level and lit by basement-style windows placed high on the walls (but at ground level when seen from outside). The kitchen door opened on a concrete pit at the foot of a short flight of stairs to the roadside. The only kitchen appliances were a domestic electric range from the 1950's and an old-fashioned commercial refrigeration unit left behind by the Army. Ann moved into an apartment in the nearby artists' residence and began to think. 'I thought about what was needed [in the space], not about the image I would make,' she says. 'That came from living there and watching.' This divergence — between an organic development of response to need on the one hand, and the imposition of a concept or plan onto the project, on the other — recurs throughout Ann's work here, and marks a subtle shift in the direction taken in her other work. Ann is aware of the dilemma that arises out of the collision of the intent to 'impose an image, which is an ego thing, and wanting to allow an anonymous invisible function to suit the needs of the place.' It might have been easy for Ann to approach the Mess Hall as simply another site-specific context — a theater — for her striking visual and gestural expressions of profound though non-verbal content, content which is intellectual and emotional and rooted in common human experience. The work that immediately preceded the Headlands project for example, *privations and excesses* is uniquely compelling and moving —

18th century cookbook, collection: Daphne Derven

Ann Chamberlain: The construction of a wood burning bread oven reintroduces a traditional social configuration around the preparation of food into the Mess Hall. Could you talk about the history of bread making and its meaning for us now?

Daphne Derven: In ancient times, being able to control a fire and through it your personal comfort and nutrition was something incredibly significant. Most cultures have a myth about fire which is that it was stolen from the gods. Fire was a huge advance in peoples' lives, enabling them to control their environment.

Consider bread, an entity that grows: it's not a plant, but it grows. These two elements of the world center around the hearth and are accorded all sorts of mystical powers, particularly in Christianity. Bread becomes the body of Christ transformed in the Eucharist. So bread and fire were part of the fundamental life force.

I am very intrigued with the somewhat confused way we deal with food today. There is a tendency to make it as little like real food as possible. We are distancing ourselves from food as a living process that grows and decomposes.

Food is moving away from a commonly prepared meal. You lose the social process of sharing and eating the same food. A traditional meal has different kinds of foods: raw foods, vegetables or salads, bread, meat, different food groups. The typical way of eating now is to eat something that comes ready to eat already processed: noodles in a cup-- just add water—yogurt, canned soup and so forth.

One of the underlying issues here is how much time food preparation takes. If you look back, time was not an issue: there was a 'process' orientation rather than a 'temporal' orientation to tasks. In colonial times, a woman would have certain activities that she would have to do which would take more or less time. You became much more attuned to differences and the qualities of things and their changes rather than thinking of them as a string of tasks that had to fit into a tight time schedule. If the oven was damp and it took longer to get it hot, you worked with it and paid attention to the changes in temperature. There was no way to speed up the process.

There are some things that I find very interesting in teaching how to use a wood burning oven. People are discomforted by fire: it is something that once was considered a power of the universe and now has become this poorly understood phenomenon. People aren't used to noticing or observing and feeling the differences. Trying to get people to look at wood and how they build fire is very interesting. The other part of working in the kitchen is that it gets a group of people focused on a process. Most people who cook simply follow the directions. They don't actually look to see if the food is cooked all the way through when they bring it out of the oven. They don't thump the bread and see what it sounds like, or pay attention to when you can smell the bread. In other words, they don't use all their senses to tell what's going on.

The atmosphere of Headlands is conducive to focusing completely on the process of preparation. The size of the kitchen allows us to get back to this communal sense. We create a fire and create something we can all eat: it brings people together. I see these things as all interlocked.

I think it was Ann Hamilton's hope that the way the kitchen functioned would actually begin to affect how the organization functioned. Unfortunately, the main way of sustaining the pattern would be a more frequent use of the oven and more process oriented tasks such as building a fire. It's not like writing letters, where you do it for five minutes and then do something else: you either build a fire or you don't. You have to tend it.

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Excerpts from an interview, July 1992

but almost the reverse of what should emerge in the kitchen and Mess Hall.

Privations and excesses was a *tableau vivant*, nonverbal theater standing as theatrical metaphor for an existential statement. Its rich visual texture and color, its formal structural plan, its play of sound, aroma, and presence all contributed to an arresting moment for the viewer, a moment which would be immediate and instantaneous in this impact but lasting and evocative in this afterlife. The kitchen and Mess Hall, on the other hand, striking in its subtle and domestic way though it is, on first glance develops its emotional depth (and, for those who attend more closely, its intellectual, even philosophical overtones) not as an immediate *coup de theatre* but through its use — whether actual use or projected. For one thing, we do not face it as a voyeur or attend it as audience: we participate in it, walk within its rooms, work or dine if we are lucky, take our place as a part of the process Ann has considered. (In this, Ann's project is rather different from David Ireland's Eastwing above it; there the arena form is an evident response to a performer-audience situation, as the Rodeo Room responds to a symposium context. Ann's project is more oriented toward community: the community of dinner, the community of cooks.)

After thinking about what it needed, while thinking about what it needed, Ann worked. She sanded, torched, scrubbed, abraded. Surfaces seemed to be the first obstacle, and they could only be assaulted by repeated laborious handwork. Layers of paint had to be removed from the walls and ceiling, as they had on the floor above, but certain quick solutions were not available — sandblasting, for example, and chemical treatment. A prevailing imperative at Headlands for historical preservation determined the retention of the pressed-tin ceiling and its painted finish, but all the old paint had to be removed to get back to its original molded design. Similarly, the now useless radiators remain in place. Layers of paint were removed from the plaster walls; in the process, visions of a final wall treatment flickered and faded, leaving what seem provisional and ephemeral — the ghosts of local plants and grasses, subtly linking a dining room to the natural life furnishing its foodstuffs.

Building codes required a second exit, so a door had to be cut into the northeast corner of the room — without compromising the architectural integrity of the walls to each side of the door. Similarly, when plaster fell away from the south wall under the windows, years of dry rot and termite damage were found; some structural repair had to be undertaken and the walls replastered.

In the meantime, Ann considered what would actually go on in the rooms she was restoring. She thought about the logical activities for a kitchen; especially baking -- which deals with raw materials and products that are close to the natural food chain; it is a repetitious, physical, and communal activity. Baking has always been a part of the San Francisco identity and sourdough bread is nearly as universal a San Francisco icon as the cable car. Bread baking became even more prominent in the public consciousness in the culinary resurgence of the late 1970's and 1980's. Ann had been researching commercial and industrial kitchen equipment when she met Alan Scott, a transplanted Tasmanian who builds bread ovens and bakes bread in the countryside west of Petaluma. Plans were begun to install the Center's oven as part of the kitchen project. Scott introduced Ann to another local contact, Duncan MacKinnon of San Rafael, a specialist in masonry heating stoves. It was important that any heat source be visually and metaphorically warming as well as practical, for the dining hall is large, low, and damp. Ann wanted to retain the historical function of the Mess Hall as a place for relaxation, community and restoration of the troops; but she wanted to attain this goal in a manner more domestic, more 'homey,' than would normally be the case in a military installation — partly

to render it more comfortable to the present users, partly because the domestic metaphor is more organically natural and healthier than the military one, and partly to reveal the pathetic irony that underlies the concept of a home for troops (who are, after all, men removed from their own homes).

Alan and Duncan spoke to Ann, in person and through their work, as what you might call *genii loci*, creative personalities whose work somehow bespoke local and regional values, or at least values appropriate to the site-sensibility: the Bay Area, in spite of mounting population pressure is still a community equally oriented toward rural and urban values, commercial-industrial and agricultural industries. At the beginning of her residency, while pondering the nature of the Center and the Headlands, Ann did a lot of walking, feeling the terrain through her feet, the weather on her face, the natural setting in her eyes and nostrils. She was soon introduced to the Farmer's Market in San Rafael, and observed it as both resource and model: testimony that the ancient economy of individual farmers and craftsmen, working in small domestic units, can come together on market day to contribute to a modern society's economic and cultural fabric. Use of the word 'fabric' is basic to Ann's approach to her work, as well as to her work itself, because of her background in textiles — a grounding that makes her predisposed to see contexts as woven of individual strands, made of small repeated motions, and naturally expansive, not merely cumulative, in the dedicated continuity of their processes.

A number of intertwined aspects of the commission began to develop. The kitchen and Mess Hall as physical and historical site; Headlands as regional site; the meaning and function of kitchen-dining room — let's say hearth; the implications of community and of economy (Greek *oikovouos [oikonomos]*, household manager) intrinsic in her commission and its source.

Ann incorporated the help of volunteer assistants in her previous work and continued to use them in other projects during her residency at the Headlands. Teeth were a recent and ongoing theme in her work, and at one point a number of volunteers were helping her sort and clean teeth acquired from dentists, butchers and taxodermists at a long table in the second-floor Westwing. Similarly, helpers also worked on the Mess Hall project, scraping the walls, and picking at the ceiling. Not all their work was tedious and behind the scenes; a climactic moment was the completion of the bread oven, and volunteers left their mark on its facade -- which yet also bears the Hamilton stamp in its waves of mosaic.

A novel by Raymond Roussel, *Locus Solus*, contains a long description of a formal garden with a mosaic composed entirely of teeth, which provided another inspiration for Ann's work. Roussel is best remembered, through his earlier novel *Impressions D'Afrique*, for Marcel Duchamp's masterpiece *La Mariée mise a nu par ses cilibitaires, meme*. Roussel's novels are fanciful and surreal, strikingly visual in their imagery, yet grounded in purely verbal (and non-logically verbal) technique. Read on one level, they are fascinating simply for their improbable stories and their arresting imagery. On another, they invite the kind of further contemplation that any rich, philosophical poetic art encourages; the reader finds new connections among his own stored experiences and observations; life becomes both fuller and more meaningful. On a third level, Roussel's writing becomes technically absorbing as the reader becomes aware of Roussel's ingenious yet practical technique (much of which is based on puns implicit in the words he uses, often near-random quotes from previous writers).

Ann's work is similarly constructed, owing much to small repeated gestures, to rich visual imagery, to the resonant corroboration of that imagery by details appealing to other senses (the sound of grinding teeth, the smell of sheep and honey), to the fabric of extended meanings supplied by her viewers' previous life-experiences, artistic

The sharing of food is more than a casual or occasional event at the Headlands: it is a necessary aspect of working at a remove from convenience stores or restaurants. Over the years, certain recipes have become familiar and sought after dishes at Headlands. The following is a selection from a growing collection of memorable meals.

Chile (serves 10)

2 lbs ground beef (or 1 lb beef and 1 lb lamb)
1 lb ground pork
1 large red onion chopped
3-4 cloves garlic, chopped
2 1 qt cans tomatoes
2 cans kidney beans
6 fresh hot peppers (seeded and chopped)
1/2 cup chopped cilantro
1 tbsp cayenne
salt and pepper
1 lb fresh or frozen corn
To cook: In a heavy pot sauté onions and garlic until clear. Add meat and cook until well browned. Add hot peppers, cilantro, salt and pepper and tomatoes, and kidney beans. Cook at medium heat (high simmer) for 30-45 minutes. 5 minutes before serving add the corn. Serve with dollops of sour cream and fresh chives.

Doug Hollis

Gypsy Pasta Sauce (serves 4)

1 large can of Italian plum tomatoes
2 tbsp chopped garlic
12 or more dried greek olives (pits removed)
1/4 cup olive oil
Sauté garlic in olive oil until golden; add tomatoes including liquid. Add olives and cook for 20 minutes or until liquid is reduced. Serve over vermicelli al dente.

Fritzie Brown

Black Bean, Lentil and Pepper Salad (Serves 12)

4 cans black beans (preferably Progresso or Cuban brand)
1 pkg lentils (preferably small French)
1 quart (approx.) chicken broth
1 tsp dried thyme
1 tsp dried oregano
1 onion, finely chopped
2 garlic cloves, chopped
1 tsp. cumin
1 each, yellow and red peppers
olive oil
fresh cilantro
Vinaigrette with cumin and mint (see below)
Sauté onion and garlic with olive oil until just soft in a pot. Add lentils and cover with chicken broth. Add thyme, oregano, cumin, and fresh cilantro. Simmer until tender (about 1 hour). Add the black beans. Prepare vinaigrette and add it to the beans while they are still warm along with the chopped red and yellow peppers. Taste for seasoning. For a spicier flavor, add more salt and chilies. Serve warm or at room temperature, garnished with sprigs of cilantro — or use as a bed for grilled meats.

Vinaigrette with Cumin and Mint (for lentil salad)

2 tbsp lemon juice
2 tbsp sherry vinegar
1 tsp salt
1 clove garlic, chopped
1 tsp cumin
1/2 tsp paprika
12 tbsp olive oil
2 tbsp chopped mint leaves
2 tbsp chopped cilantro

Combine the juice, vinegar, salt and garlic in a bowl. Add spices, then whisk in the oil. Add fresh herbs and adjust flavors, if necessary.

Lisille Matheson

Chicken Curry

This dish is great for expanding to accommodate lots of people. This quantity will serve 5 to 6 people; increase accordingly for 10 to 15 to 20 people. After that, you're on your own! I have never made this curry the same way twice and I encourage your own embellishments. I usually serve it over steamed brown rice with various condiments: chutneys of all kinds, currants, chopped bananas, chopped cucumber and whatever else seems appropriate. (This recipe came to me from an Irish friend.)
Roast a 4 lb chicken, when cooled, cut into bite sized pieces
Make a sauce with
1/4 lb clear honey
4 tbsp chutney
2 tbsp curry powder
Heat slowly for 5 minutes
Take off the heat and add:
"scant" glass of white wine (about a half a glass)
1/3 pint milk (cream is also possible)
1/3 cup mayonnaise
Stir thoroughly. Add
1 cup currants.
Stir and add the chicken bits.
Re-heat to serve. Adjust spices, stock or water, etc. for flavor.

Jennifer Dowley

Maltese Tomato Soup

Peel, squeeze, and seed tomotoes, OR depending on how much time you have, buy large cans of the best, unsalted tomato juice.
Put the juice in a large soup pot. If you use canned juice, squeeze skinned, seeded tomatoes into it, to give it some natural flavor and texture.
Add as much garlic as you can stand and cinnamon.
Heat over a low flame and cook slowly for about 15 minutes.
Add pepper, top with yogurt and a sprig of mint.
Everybody will want to know where this exotic recipe came from.
Total cooking time, when in a hurry, 15 minutes.

Diana Fuller

or intellectual, as they are triggered by the experience of seeing her work.

Ann's reading and other intellectual influences, always supported by equally strong and grounded emotional and philosophical values, provides an index to the meaning of her work — and offers an approach to determining its success as art. During her residency at Headlands a number of ideas and concepts were in her mind. Lewis Hyde's book on nonmaterial economy *The Gift* was one, with its persuasive argument that while an economy based on money erodes a society's reserves by siphoning off individual profits, and that even a barter-based economy at best contributes to only a static society, a gift-based economy contributes to a flourishing and expansive interaction within its community. Art, Hyde argues, might best be produced and appreciated as a gift, not a commodity — exactly as meals are in an extended family. So viewed, it becomes clearer that it is in the creative and appreciative approaches to art, not in the art object, that the cultural significance — and indispensability — of art resides.

Another corroboration for values already firmly implanted in Ann's mind came from a visit of Wes Jackson of the Land Institute, whose commitment to sustainable agriculture had ramifications for the kitchen project. One highlight of Ann's residency was her joint appearance with Jackson on March 8, 1990, during which she stated the basic principles underlying her work ethic:

- a belief in the importance of the information that comes through our skin
- the value of hand labor, and the value of laboring together
- the meaning of each element in its relationship to all other elements
- the importance of knowing where your feet are
- that the process of how something occurs is as important as or more important than what is actually produced.

Here Ann was speaking specifically about how she addresses her work — not how she conceives it, or executes it, but the posture her creative sensibility adopts in its engagement with the external world. It's a pragmatic and moral posture, and not that different from Jackson's.

But it is an artist's posture, rooted in the practical but reaching through metaphor and poetry. In the dialogue she developed with Jackson and the audience, however, a significant division arose over the issue of metaphor, its place in contemporary cultural life, and the value or threat it represents to the really important work to be done — which many agree is purely a matter of saving what we have before more is lost to our descendants.

If the value of metaphor is the consideration, contemplation, and appreciation of what we see and experience, another treasure is the creative work of such artists as Ann Hamilton. They have a unique ability to find common threads in widely divergent experiences — intellectual, emotional, literary, artistic, social — and to weave them into textures whose fabrics expand into unsuspected and otherwise unimaginable patterns.

'Practical' workers, in their daily preoccupation with specific, urgent problems — whether material, political or economic — may seem to have little use for such ability, little need for such contemplation. Indeed they may see metaphor as a distraction from or even substitution for the issue at hand. But what is impressive in Ann's work is its simultaneous expression of specific content and metaphorical implication. This is what makes Ann's work in the kitchen project both poetic and domestic.

It is insufficiently noted that the practice of art is a discipline. Like most of time-

honored life-sustaining disciplines — hunting, farming, cooking, game-playing — it is, for its practitioners, a daily-life occupation. Art is life-sustaining because it lessens the degree to which ego-involvement distorts our social awareness of the world around us, as love counterbalances that distortion on an individual level. (This is why Hyde is right to suggest that art should participate in a gift-based economy.) Like hunting, farming, cooking, and game-playing, art has a domestic familiarity within healthy communities. One recalls John Cage's observation that a Pacific Islander once remarked in his society there was no art, beauty was all around them. A major component of Ann's 'installation' at the Center — is its assumption (indeed its requirement) that a domestic discipline continue within it.

The kitchen and the Mess Hall will be modified with time as needed. It's flexible; it will change. Like any image, it is incomplete without this changing organic process through which it assumes and asserts its real presence. Like any work of art, it is incomplete without the embodiment of its implications. The art part of a work of art is invisible, as the greater part of any human character is invisible. It is demonstrated, revealed, and enacted momentarily and continuously. If its substance is in visible and tangible space, its presence is in time, to be grasped, intellectually and emotionally, only through use, habituation, observation and response. This is true of all art, even the 'visual' arts, but particularly clear in Ann's work, which partakes of text (though not narrative) and speculation as much as it does of image and gesture. For this reason the greater part — the deeper, more resonant part — of the kitchen is subtle and refined, however mundane and daily-life the bricks of its hearth and oven may be. 'Some get it; some don't,' Ann acknowledges. 'How do you include the person in the process? If the space feels comfortable and warm, if you can sit down easily, without intruding on an image, then you participate -- but only when there's something going on in it.'

This hearth is the focus of the daily preoccupations of dedication, care, nourishment, regeneration, and restoration. For long months Ann thought about these matters, about gift and responsibility, appropriateness and the imagination, the needs of the actual and the goals of the ideal. Uncertainty, joy, despair, discovery, labor, and exhilaration accompanied those months and continue to pervade our daily life. This is culture. It is for us to husband this culture, household accountants at the hearth, mindful of economy, attentive to continuing adjustments of balance, studying and practicing those daily preoccupations. The intersection of Headlands and Hamilton is a uniquely poignant moment for both, clarifying, catalyzing, and defining the meaning, the purpose of each, likely to influence their future courses in large and basic ways. The effect on the visitor will be less apparent but the seed is there, insinuating and fertile. In receptive sensibilities it will lodge itself, unmarked perhaps, but quietly developing, as slow and inevitable as daily life.

This is what Headlands is for: to nourish art and artists, to care for the climate within which art thrives or wilts. Through its latest project Headlands has confirmed that as there is a need for sustainability in ecological matters so is there a need for a sustainable culture, since culture is the medium within which awareness and information and life itself prosper and survive. Ann's art invites us to speculate, to dwell and consider. Our consideration leads us to observe and learn. Awareness and consciousness expand. The work of Headlands grows, through daily life and practice. Its mind, spread throughout its residencies and events, drawing on those within it, is continually aware of interconnectedness throughout the earth. Hearth, heart, art and earth merge. We are commmunicants in a vigorous, fruitful, and constant union.

Charles Shere is a free lance writer and composer. He is a partner in Chez Panisse and married to Lindsey Shere, the pastry chef.

How I made the peach pies for Headlands potlucks--
Maryann Melchert

Line an 8 inch pie pan with whatever crust you usually use
Mix in sauce pan:
3 cups peaches, peeled and sliced
1/2 cup sugar
1 or 2 tsp lemon juice
In a small bowl mix together:
1 1/2 tbsp cornstarch
1 tsp cinnamon
1/4 tsp nutmeg
For crumb topping: with a pastry cutter, cut together:
1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup brown sugar
1 cup flour
Combine the crumb topping ingredients and set aside: this recipe will cover quite a few pies. I save the rest in the refrigerator for later pies in an airtight jar. Bring peaches to a boil, stirring often, for 2 or 3 minutes. Turn off flame and spoon enough juice into cornstarch mixture to blend into a smooth, runny paste. Pour this mixture into the peaches. Turn flame back on and cook, stirring continuously until mixture thickens slightly. Turn off flame and pour mixture into the crust.
Sprinkle crumb topping over the pie so that no fruit shows. Sprinkle a teaspoon of grated lemon rind over crumbs. Bake in a hot oven, 425 degrees, for 25 to 30 minutes or until crust edge and crumb topping are browned.
(Note: I always pre-heat or precook pie fillings. It cuts back on baking time, lessens the chance of boil-overs and you seldom burn the crust while waiting for the fruit to get done. If you're into laying the fruit down in a nice pattern, don't precook and bake the pie until it's done.)
Another note: Most recipes call for a tablespoon of butter in the filling which really adds to the flavor, but I do without and use the lemon juice and rind for added flavor.

Ginger Shortbread

1 1/4 cup flour
1/4 lb butter
1/3 cup sugar
1/2 tsp ginger
2 tblsp minced crystallized ginger
Mix all ingredients reserving 1 tbsp of sugar. Do not use mixer. Press into oval pie shape and bake at 325 degrees for 40 minutes. Sprinkle with sugar and cut while warm.

Daphne Derven

Bruschetta

2 cups chopped ripe tomatoes
6 cloves garlic
2 ounces good olive oil
About 20 basil leaves, thinly sliced
Plenty of basil for garnish
Drain most of the juice from tomatoes and lightly mix with garlic, oil and sliced basil leaves. Let sit unrefrigerated while preparing the bread.
Toast both sides of Italian whole wheat bread in the broiler. (Or use Il Fornaio's *Ciabatta* sliced and served as is.) Rub top side of toasted bread with fresh sliced garlic clove, then brush with your favorite olive oil.
Spoon mixture over toast and sprinkle with freshly ground pepper. Arrange beautifully. Bon appetito!

Shelby Van Meter

Corn Chowder

Preparation time: about 50 minutes
16 tbsp butter (1/2 lb)
4 cups chopped onion
2 cups minced celery
28 ears fresh sweet corn
1/2 tsp salt
freshly ground black pepper
2 tsp thyme
4 tsp dried basil
8 cups stock or water
8 cups regular milk
1) In a medium-sized saucepan, begin cooking the onions in the butter over medium-low heat, stirring. After about 3-5 minutes, add celery, and keep cooking. Five minutes later, add peppers and corn.
2) Add seasonings, stir well, and cover. Reduce heat; let it cook 5 minutes.
3) Add stock. Cover and simmer about 10 minutes. Using a blender or food processor, purée about half the solids in some of the soup's own liquid.
4) About 10 minutes before serving time, add the milk. Don't actually cook the soup any further, simply heat it — gently! — to taste.
Serves 28-30

Roberta Fudim

Ceasar Salad (four to six servings)

The best ceasar salads combine the cold sweet taste of lettuce with the tangy taste of the dressing. The lettuce needs to be cold and crisp and the dressing ingredients at room temperature. The concept of the dressing is sort of like mayonnaise: you're trying to get the oil and egg to thicken when you add the lemon juice.
1 large head romaine lettuce washed, dried and torn into bite sized pieces, then chilled
1/2 head of garlic; 3-4 cloves garlic or more if you like
1 tin anchovies
2 tablespoons mustard
generous dash of Worchester
juice of two lemons
2 eggs
olive oil
Grated Parmesan cheese
homemade croutons: cube bread, brush with olive oil and toast

Mash the garlic, the anchovies, and the mustard in the bottom of the salad bowl with a fork. Beat in the egg and lemon juice until it's a fairly even consistency. Add the olive oil while you continue to beat the mixture until it begins to thicken. This may be 1/2 cup or more depending on how many eggs and lemons you're using. Add a dash of Worchester, or however much you want. Add the romaine. Toss. Garnish with homemade croutons and plenty of grated Parmesan. Serve the salad as soon as you toss it. It doesn't fare well sitting around.

Ann Chamberlain

Broccoli au Midwest

2 pkgs frozen chopped broccoli
1/2 stick butter
1/2 lb Velveeta Cheese - cut into small chunks
1/3 lb Ritz Crackers
Cook and drain broccoli. Mix broccoli and Velveeta chunks in a casserole dish. Crumb Ritz Crackers and add the 1/2 stick butter (melted) to crumbs. Spread crumbs on top of casserole. Cover casserole with lid or foil. Bake 20-30 minutes at 350 degrees.

Holly Blake

Herminia Alvarán

Ann Chamberlain: Where did you learn the tradition of making bread for the Day of the Dead ?

Herminia Alvarán: I come from a small town in the state of Mexico, San Francisco de Asis. We used to bake our bread in the oven of a family that had a woodburning oven on their patio, an oven like at Headlands.

AC: Why do people make bread with different shapes for the Day of the Dead?

HA: Bakers make designs out of bread, 'tears,' little bones and animals. People joke when a friend has died, because if not, they would be very sad. They would say, 'I'm going to make a rabbit or a doll for my friend,' or 'I'm going to make a *fina* for my mother.' A *fina* is a large round bread with *lagrimas*—tears on the surface. All of the breads and the favorite foods are arranged on the altar: the *mole*, the *tamales*, the fruit. And people believe on the Day of the Dead that the spirits of the dead come and eat with the living. It is like a birthday for those who have died: the day is dedicated to them.

It's like having a visit by a friend whom you haven't seen for many years. You clean your house and arrange everything, putting out the very best food. You offer the very best for this person that you love so much. You do everything possible so that they will feel good. In the doorways they used to put a path of marigold petals so the dead would know where to come.

AC: Why is bread at the center of the altar?

HA: In the time of my grandparents and great-grandparents, there wasn't bread in the center of the altar. We made everything from cornmeal. Everything was made from corn: *tamales*, *atole* (a drink made with milk and cornstarch), *gorditas* with beans, soup with corn. But then flour began to arrive in sacks. So bakeries began to make bread and bakers invented new forms.

AC: So bread is a fairly recent invention. Before, were figures made from corn?

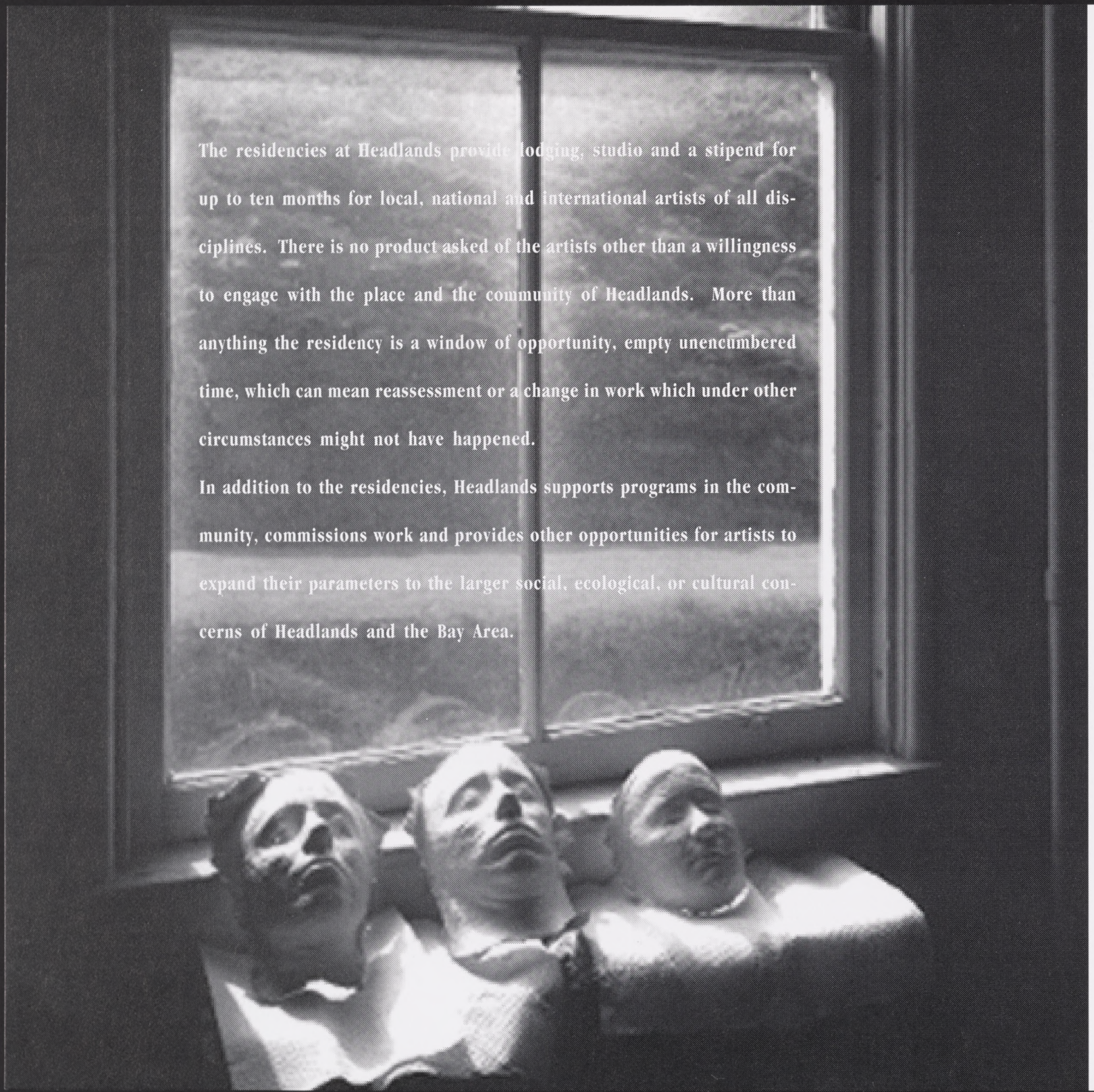
HA: My grandparents didn't know about flour or bread. Traditions were always changing: they were always creating new food. In the 1920's they began using flour and making bread. I remember there was a woman who baked bread once a week: it was considered a luxury.

Herminia Alvarán conducted a breadbaking workshop at the Headlands to demonstrate the *pan de muerto*, bread which is baked for the Day of the Dead in Mexico. Herminia is part of the Master Apprentice Program of the California Arts Council and teaches the techniques of *papel picado*, cut tissue paper as well as traditional breadbaking.

Excerpts from an interview, July 1992, translated from Spanish

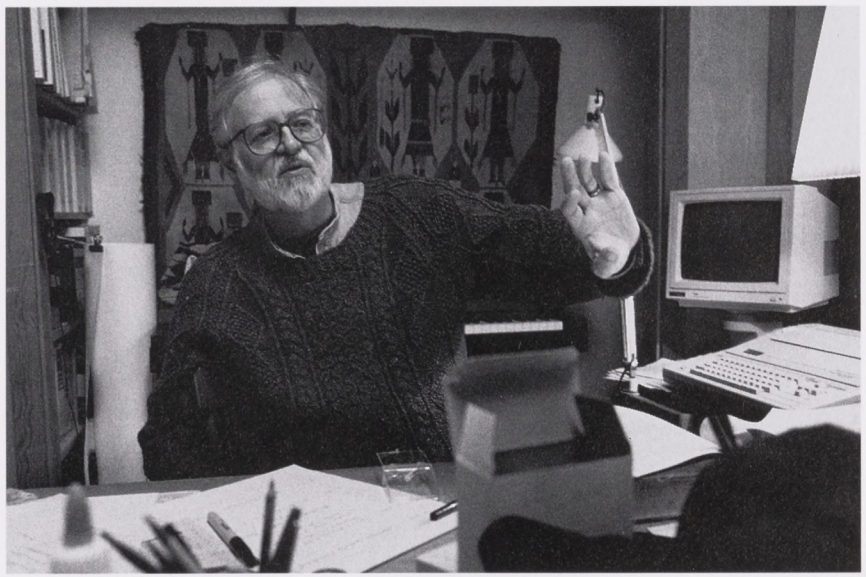
Artists & Projects

Headlands gave me the opportunity to bring things from the back of my mind to the foreground. I began to paint again. I began playing the piano again. I composed more music this year than any other previous year. I engaged in enthralling discussions with other artists. I was called an artist and began to call myself one! Beth Custer



The residencies at Headlands provide lodging, studio and a stipend for up to ten months for local, national and international artists of all disciplines. There is no product asked of the artists other than a willingness to engage with the place and the community of Headlands. More than anything the residency is a window of opportunity, empty unencumbered time, which can mean reassessment or a change in work which under other circumstances might not have happened.

In addition to the residencies, Headlands supports programs in the community, commissions work and provides other opportunities for artists to expand their parameters to the larger social, ecological, or cultural concerns of Headlands and the Bay Area.



Jim Melchert

I'm proud to have been associated with Headlands, especially during the past three years. It was a phase during which the organization continued to take shape, to clarify its mission, and at the same time to win outside support.

I got the impression that Lewis Hyde's *The Gift* was a key to understanding how artists who associated themselves with Headlands viewed their strengths, i.e., their gift. I thought it was curious that once Lewis was here as a resident, he seemed preoccupied with the Joker in the deck; in mythology it's the god Mercury. Mercury, as you remember, was the messenger who looked out for travellers, merchants, and thieves. He's unpredictable but nevertheless capable of performing great feats. I appreciate Lewis' insight. Even though he's championing the artists who volunteer their services to the community, he sees a place for the dangerous ones.

I too want to put in a word for the Joker. Institutions understandably try to screen him out. A director has enough to do without having an Ed Ruscha or an Allan Kaprow throwing wrenches in the works. For the most part, the Program Committee has done all right at picking residents who have reason to be at Headlands, but we can play it too safe. It's better to have a tough artist who's playing with fire than a mediocre one, because the former knows that something is at stake. The other does it for attention.

As it is, it seems that the art that adds to the history of ideas is likely to irritate people when they first encounter it. Genuinely radical work often anticipates what is later a radical change in society.

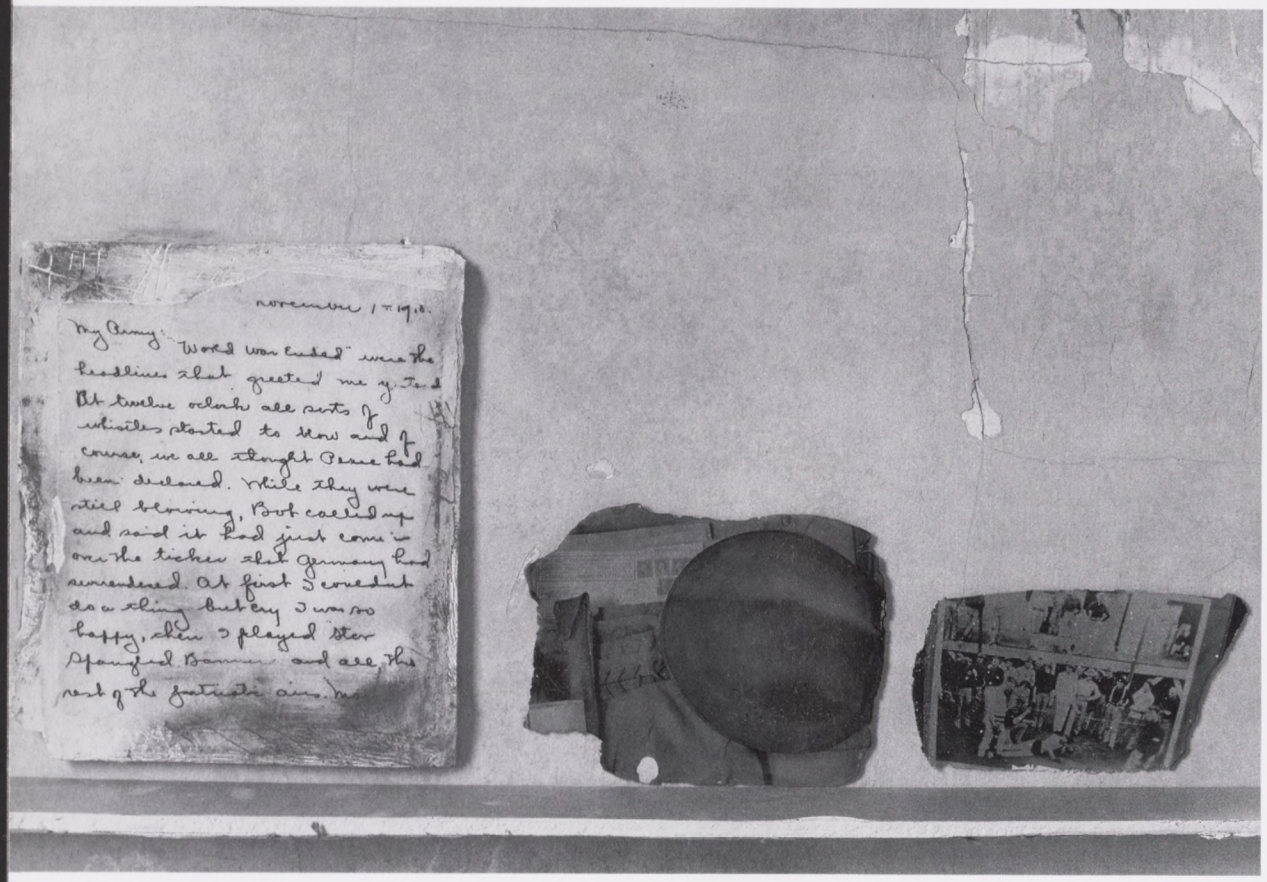
The most socially radical art of the 20th-century was also the most radical aesthetically. That was Constructivism, the invention of artists, mostly in the Soviet Union, who believed that a cultural revolution would give society the chance it needed to reinvent itself. Malevich thought that a painting that had no content other than its own style and structure would let you have an aesthetic experience without an accompanying message from the church or the government. He and his colleagues were inventing art for a utopian society. It was a very big idea.

The community-minded artist that Lewis Hyde wrote about is also radical even though it's not entirely a new concept. What Lewis talks about are artists who see themselves as members of a community and who by their own volition, devote their time and creative imaginations to community matters. What they do isn't necessarily recognizable to others as art making: Joseph Beuys starting the Green Party and planting thousands of trees in Germany, for example. Most people would think that what the Haida woodcarvers are bringing into being are totem poles and boats, but the difference that they're making in the lives of their people goes far beyond that. The art they practice is on a bigger scale and is more complex than the objects they produce. Everything that these artists do fits into the larger concept that they have.

The Swiss art writer and impresario, Harald Szeemann, calls what such people are involved with 'the total work of art.' It was originally used to describe Viennese architects and designers who not only designed the building but everything down to the silverware. Josef Hoffman and Adolf Loos come to mind as examples in Europe, and in this country, Frank Lloyd Wright. When we think of what's unique about Headlands Center for the Arts, we list the land and the residencies. I hope we also remember that it's been a laboratory and watering hole for the artists-as-citizens who have founded it and helped shape it.

Jim Melchert, June 14, 1991, written upon the conclusion of his term on the Board of Directors.

Jim Melchert is an artist and professor at UC Berkeley. He served as director of the American Academy in Rome from 1984 to 1988 and was the head of the visual arts program of the National Endowment for the Arts from 1977 to 1981.



Official Documents/Re-membered (detail)

There is is an African proverb that seems to stay with me when I try to talk about this work and it is something like: till the lions have their own history this tale of hunting will always glorify the hunter. As the 'official Documents' of Fort Barry seem to not make visible a feminine past— I thought I would add another tale and try to 'place' us in history.

Sandra Taylor, artist in residence, Minnesota

The New Brood, Midseason

Where I'm staying, the owls have moved in. The redwing
blackbirds flocked, keeping owls at far distance
the previous months. One night, a trip to a city bookstore
to hear a photographer talk on his new book, documenting
the people's venture in ten years of Sandinista rule.

The row behind me has a new Nicaraguan emigre,
and a young Californian who does a quiet, simultaneous translation for him. It's quiet before the talk The Nicaraguan
picks up a book of Diego Rivera's mural work.

"It's nice, this work. It's very good."
"Oh, Rivera's great."
"Did he work a lot?"
"His stuff's all over. He's a local legend here in San Francisco."
"He's famous, this artist?"
"Very famous."

A pause. Book pages shine up in rainbows and gloss,
the wings of the quetzal. The flowers. The lives
where we hope and take air, drowning in history's wind.
The California kid is talking again.

"You know who this artist is, don't you?"
"No."
"This is Frida Kahlo's husband."
"Oh, I know this artist."

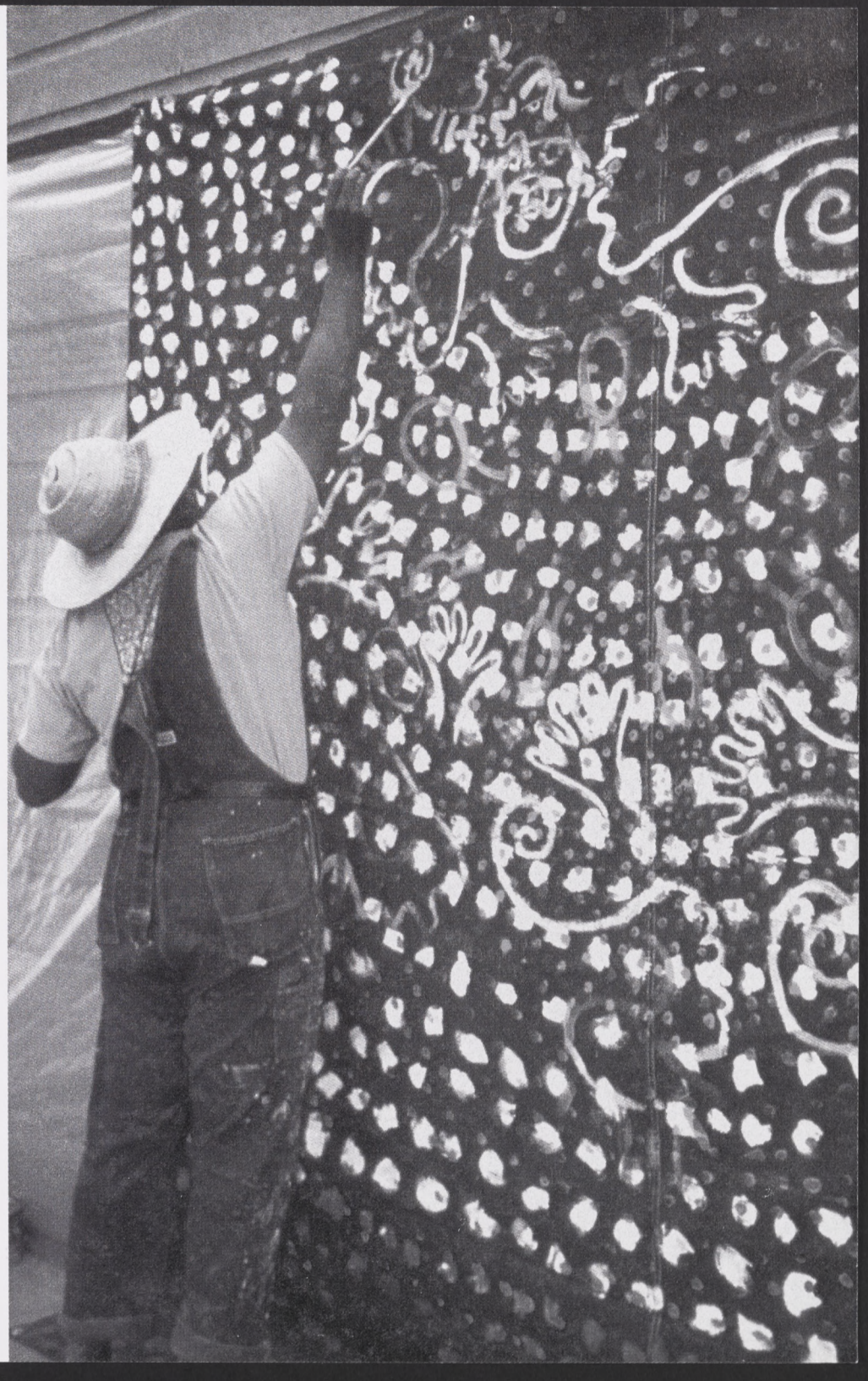
This past week the blackbirds have moved down the hill
to the lagoon, where they'll raise the summer's second brood.
They'll collect and soar with common minds.
Their shadows will skim fast on water through the reeds.
This new part of their lives will be contemporary with egrets
and mallards who preen on old swamp posts.

David Shevin, artist in residence, Ohio

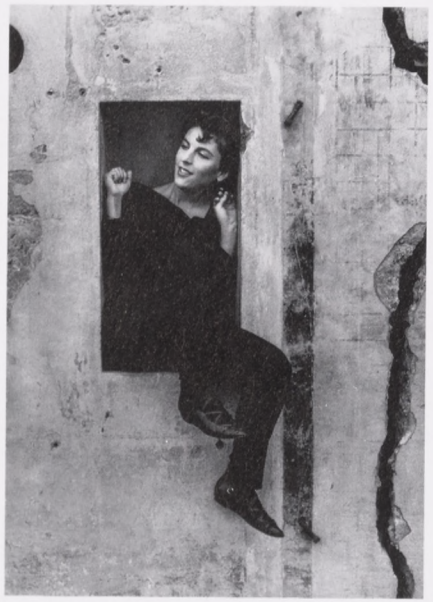
Walking through fog on Ellesmere Island and in the Marin Headlands I was never certain about density nor distance. Following caribou and red tails I traced the lulls in weather and topography; thoughts moved in and out of the studio, in and out of my head.

The sounds of the land give ample room to listen to myself. No heat, no telephone, no hardware store.

Wendy Oberlander, artist in residence,
San Francisco

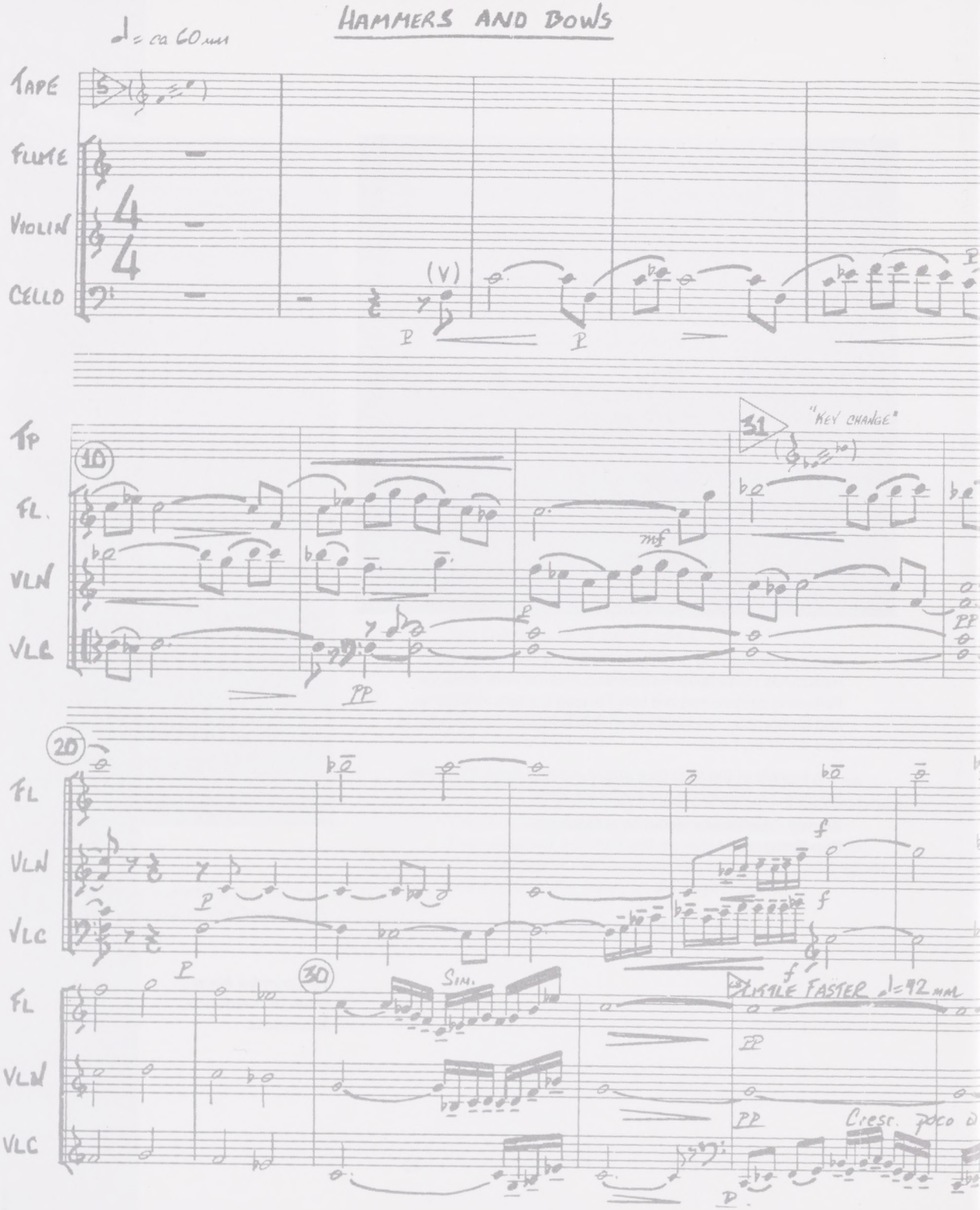


Ta-Coumba Aiken,
artist in residence,
Minnesota



During my time at the Headlands, I was taking my first big step into the world as a singer/songwriter. I finished a nine song demo tape of original jazz/world music/pop and began to market it. I also continued to work as a poet, teacher, editor, and clairvoyant. The Headlands was a retreat and counterpoint to these different contexts. It was a place I could go to hide; a place where I performed, and a place to read and write.

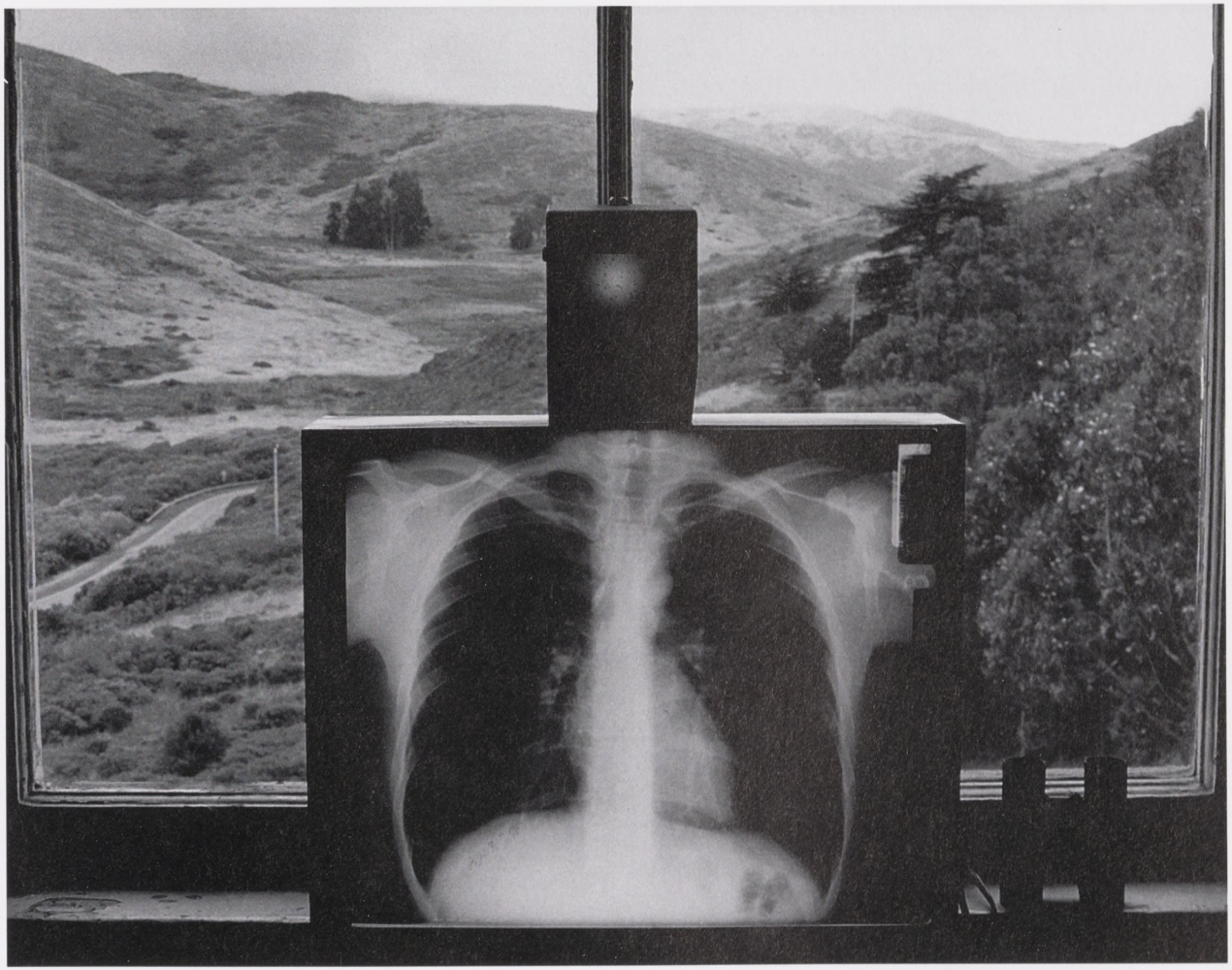
The main theme of my time at the Headlands was to free myself from the judgements and expectations of all the contexts I moved within—learning to acknowledge the greetings, recognize the lack of them, and enjoy the particularities of my own paths.

Lisa Bernstein, artist in residence, Oakland

Because everything and everyone was new you thought you had a chance to reinvent yourself. But in actuality, I found it made me think all the more about who I was. I questioned myself and I questioned my music. There was something I really needed to learn and understand about what it meant to be a composer and why I in particular chose to view the world this way. I expensively equipped myself with microphones and a portable mixer to go to Headlands and 'listen' to the earth. But for all the birds and frogs and other beasts of nature, there are too many more planes and cars and noisy mountain bikers on my tapes to render this material much good. I tried to listen to the earth, but my internal voices seemed to be louder. I thought I wanted to write music which made people look to the outside world, but now I realize more than ever what I do write and what I want to write, is music which gives people the chance to look inward.

This is my summer of personal angst... My happiest moments at Headlands are my nightly walks to Point Bonita and those moments spent sitting in 'my chair' late at night listening to the night sounds. Animals tiptoeing through the woods. The moon glistening upon the eucalyptus. Then I do feel at ease... Dave and I tried to set off one of Anne's Roman candles. They turned out to be lawn insect smokers. Drank some wine. Talked about mid-life crises. I am almost alone in this house. It is a good energy.

Excerpts from journal entries, 1991

Sarah Aderholdt, artist in residence, Minnesota



Inside/Outside

Some of the pieces I think of as monuments. Not in the sense of the heroic or the permanent, but as celebrations of the ephemeral and tragic side of nature. Monuments to our inner life in relationship to our environment, our emotions and the elusive states of the mind. For me the issues of the relationship between nature and culture are very urgent and by dealing with them in a personalized and metaphorical way, I hope to address questions concerning society and civilization at large.

Lukas Felzmann, artist in residence, San Francisco

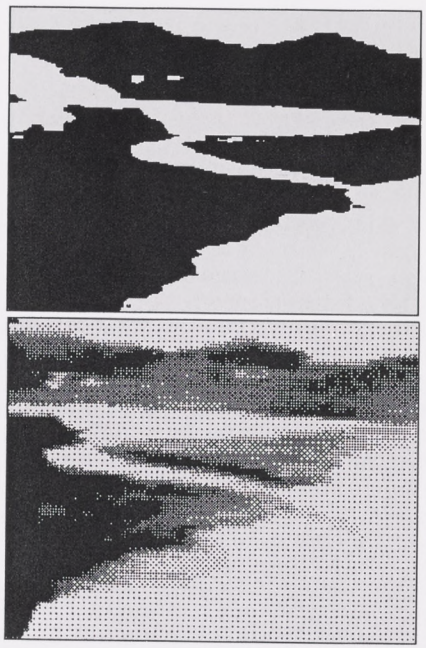
"My grandfather was a B17 pilot. He got me into the military. He was real patriotic. I have pictures of him giving me his bomber jacket. That jacket was my pride and joy. I wore it until I outgrew it. When you were training you didn't talk about politics. We had opinions – most of us wanted to go, some didn't. Some guys were mad that they were taken away from their families. They weren't mad about what we were fighting for – whether it was the oil, or whether Saddam Hussein was a tyrant. We knew we were going . . . we were packed and ready to go anywhere. We waited for a month, but nothing ever happened in the world. People came home from Saudi Arabia . . . the war ended. The media made the military more desirable. When I came back from training, there were a lot of us at the airport. People came up to us and said stuff. Two ladies said God bless you. People gave us the peace sign. Some ladies at the Sizzler sang to us. They made up some song about Desert Storm . . . it was kind of nice, but everyone wants to know; Did you go. Did you go. Did you go. Did you go. Did you go. Did you go . . . and it's hard for me to tell them that I didn't go."

-Joshua John Watkins, April 1991

'Politics today refuses to fit into its nineteenth century compartment. With the mass media behind it, it invades the privacy of the citizen with its noise and claims. This invasion destroys the older, easy transitions from individual to local, local to national, and national to international interests and plunges the individual directly into the complexities of world politics, without any clear cut notion of where his interests lie.'

David Riesman,
The Lonely Crowd,
first published, 1950

Susan Schwartzenberg, artist in residence, San Francisco



The Lagoon Breaks Through to the Ocean, March 1991

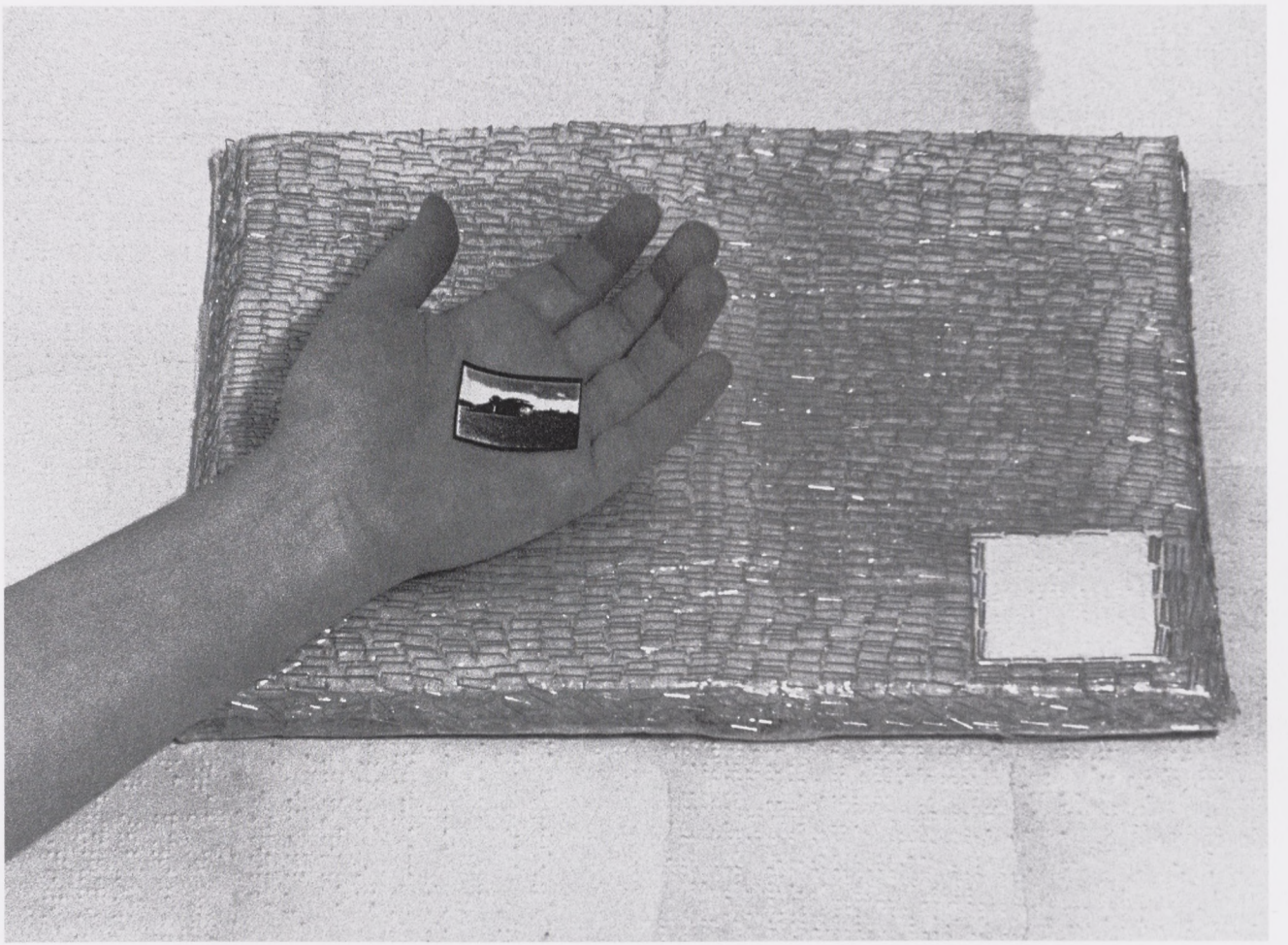
Richard Harned, artist in residence, Ohio

Women were the ones who handed you down to the world:

I had descended from an actress, my grandmother, another pretender to lives not her own, a woman still alive and performing in Europe: Maria Ingerbresten, long a deity of the Continental stage, now a protected antique, her presence carried through the ruin of post-war culture as if on a palanquin. My mother escaped her and the quiet duty of arranging her wardrobe, her hotels, her countless failed liaisons with barons, lords, Olympic skiers. Fifteen Vuitton trunks in her first class cabin—my mother the new Communist, the immigrant, began her revolution in luxury in 1919. She brought her boxes to a Norwegian boarding house in Chicago's Logan Square where she began agitating, picketing the offices of the *Skandinaven* in a velvet frock and silver dancing slippers, going alone to nascent Party meetings on the North Side carrying a crocodile-bound notebook. It was at the stockyards one summer day, where my mother had gone to organize in her baby blue organza lawn dress and picture hat with a few other hardened Communists, that she met my progenitor. He was a poet, he said, as he sulked outside the gates listening to the voices of the men. The rhythms, hear them, he demanded in his poor Trondheim accent. He was a pale, towheaded tower, glum and downcast. He was bored. My mother listened.

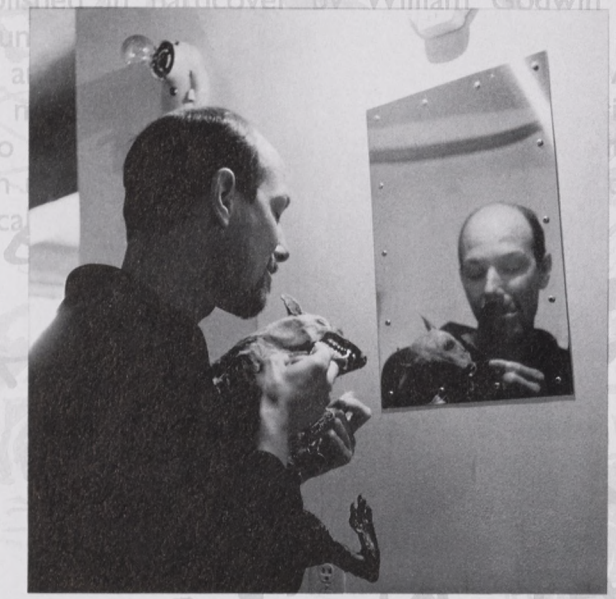
She somehow got inside one of the slaughterhouses and handed out a few pamphlets, made a few secret contacts, before security escorted her through the sawdust and dried blood to the street. Her friends had gone, but Einar Rufes remained. He paid her streetcar fare. A year later I was born and my last name was Dahl; we moved to the suburbs where my mother ran a discreet branch operation of the Party. And that was all of that Einar, my mother told me when she finished this story for the first time. I was fifteen. It seemed like a good life they had, full of characters boiling over with determination and righteousness. It also exhausted me, this past.

Judy Doenges, artist in residence, Ohio



At Headlands, I began to work with photography. It enabled me to work in the landscape rather than generating everything internally. I liked the way photography crystallizes experience, bringing together sensual and intellectual information. It became a shorthand for experience. The book, on the other hand, was created through an obsessive and internal process: it was wrapped in tape and stapled thousands of times, so the information contained in it is really unavailable. Yet, the book has a powerful presence, which photographs don't have. I was interested in putting these two elements together: the physical and the informational.

Kay Willens, artist in residence, Ohio



Don Colley, artist in residence, Philadelphia flossing the 'possum's teeth

LOVE WAS HEADLANDS HIGH © Colley Books
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HEADLANDS INSTITUTE
FOR
HUMAN INTERACTION.
DISFUNCTION.
(ACRONYM PRONOUNCED
HISSED AND HISSED
ARTISTS A FUSSIN' AND
FOGGY HILLS OF MARIN, EH?
SUPRISED THAT IN
THERE WERENT ONE NECK
WANTED TO WRING!!
EDGE OFF, EH? HOPE
BETTER'N I AM. MAYBE
ONE DAY TO GO
FOR MORE BANGERS AND MASH WIT'CHUZ ALL
YER LOVIN' UNCLE DARN

FIRST-CLASS STAMP HERE

The whole premise of my work revolves around the connectedness of things, the relationship between art and science—the composition of interstitial thought, form, and structure—the dialogue of imaging—the expression of the people's voice and the spirit of the land

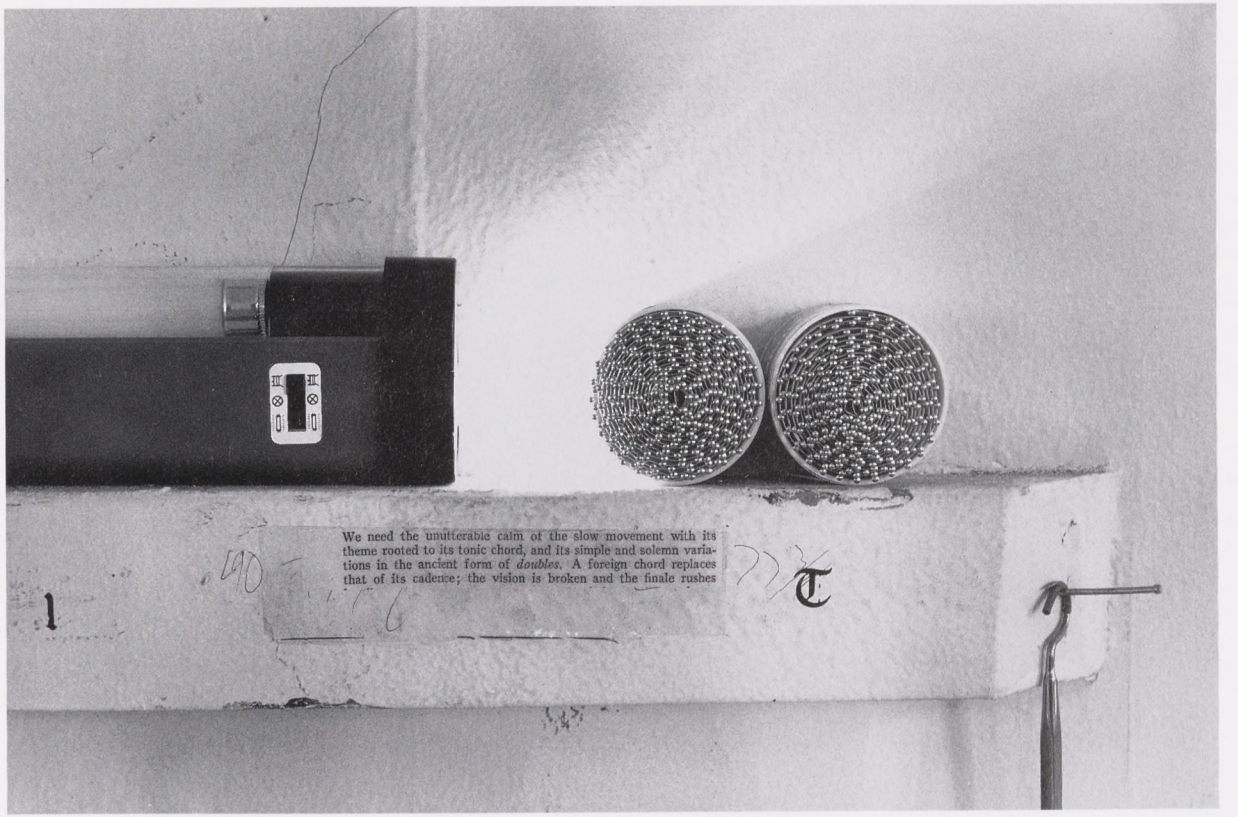
November

She thought...
'Shed the independent skin which
stretches over my liberation, created not
by choice, but by circumstance.
Woman of the silent age, a press-type,
Coming into light without dark glasses, I

Fabricate the variation
of my vision, put silver in
frameworks of starlit lenses,
pull weavings from the night sounds of houses,
water layers, magenta
after-images and celluloid noise.'

Crazed woman in a gray army coat
dressed for the weather,
walks, past linearity.

Harriet Bellerjeau, artist in residence, North Carolina



Cages of Desire (detail)

A series of wall arrangements using found objects were placed between windows in the enormous place afforded by a pre-World War I military barracks. These insertions felt intense, intimate and piercing—much like Roland Barthe's 'punctums'. In part, the effect might have been created by the play of complex gender references suggested by the object arrangements and the pervasive masculine and austere military ambience.

Home

Objects talk. They are heavily layered with meaning. I have faith that I can take ordinary objects that seem disparate and even unconnected and put them together intuitively, spontaneously, in ways that both reflect recent rethinking and reconstruct with integrity.

Anne Woodson, artist in residence, North Carolina

Processions is a site specific piece in which the human form interacts with the environment to create landscape sculptures. The audience is guided from the Gymnasium at Headlands through the hills to the infinite horizon of the ocean. A voyage in 'time of nature'. As a multimedia performance artist, I want emotion to appear out of images sculpted in space and time. The unique natural patterns, colors and air of Headlands were the best 'theater space' to stage my metaphors: the rituals of life as a procession.

Veronique Guillaud, artist in residence, San Francisco

Stefano Arienti: To live here in San Francisco is very important for me because in this city there are things happening here that are not happening in the rest of the United States. There are so many different cultures living together here in San Francisco.

Ann Chamberlain: San Francisco and the Bay Area has become more and more crowded and costly, but still the greatest benefit of living here is the confluence of cultures. You have to live with others and learn to understand your own culture as well as others.

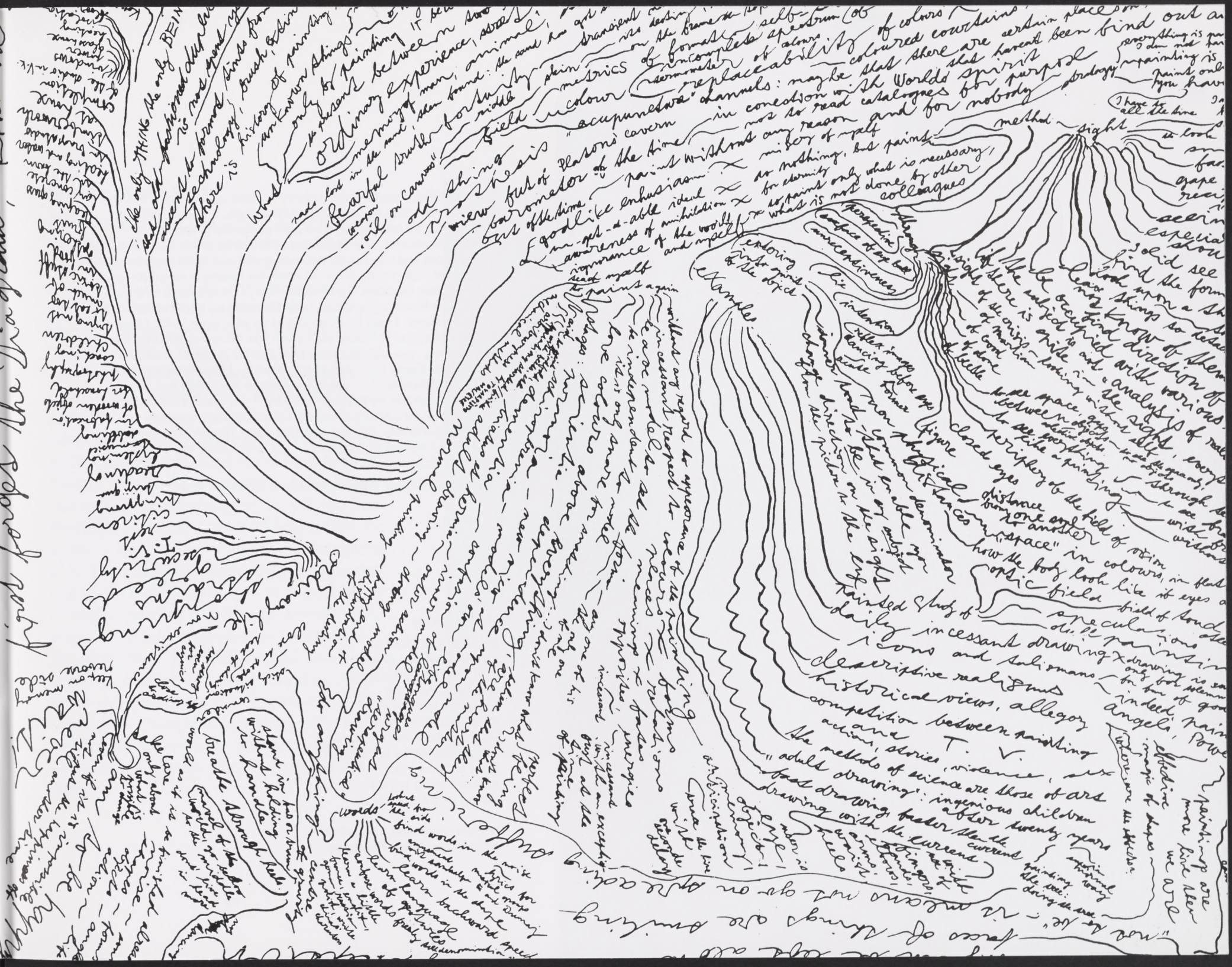
SA: It's a huge benefit. Many people say that San Francisco is a European town, and that's true perhaps because the people are more aware of their own culture and more relaxed about other cultures, not scared or closed off. It's really easy for someone to feel secure and proud of their own language and culture here and to see and understand their own country in new ways.

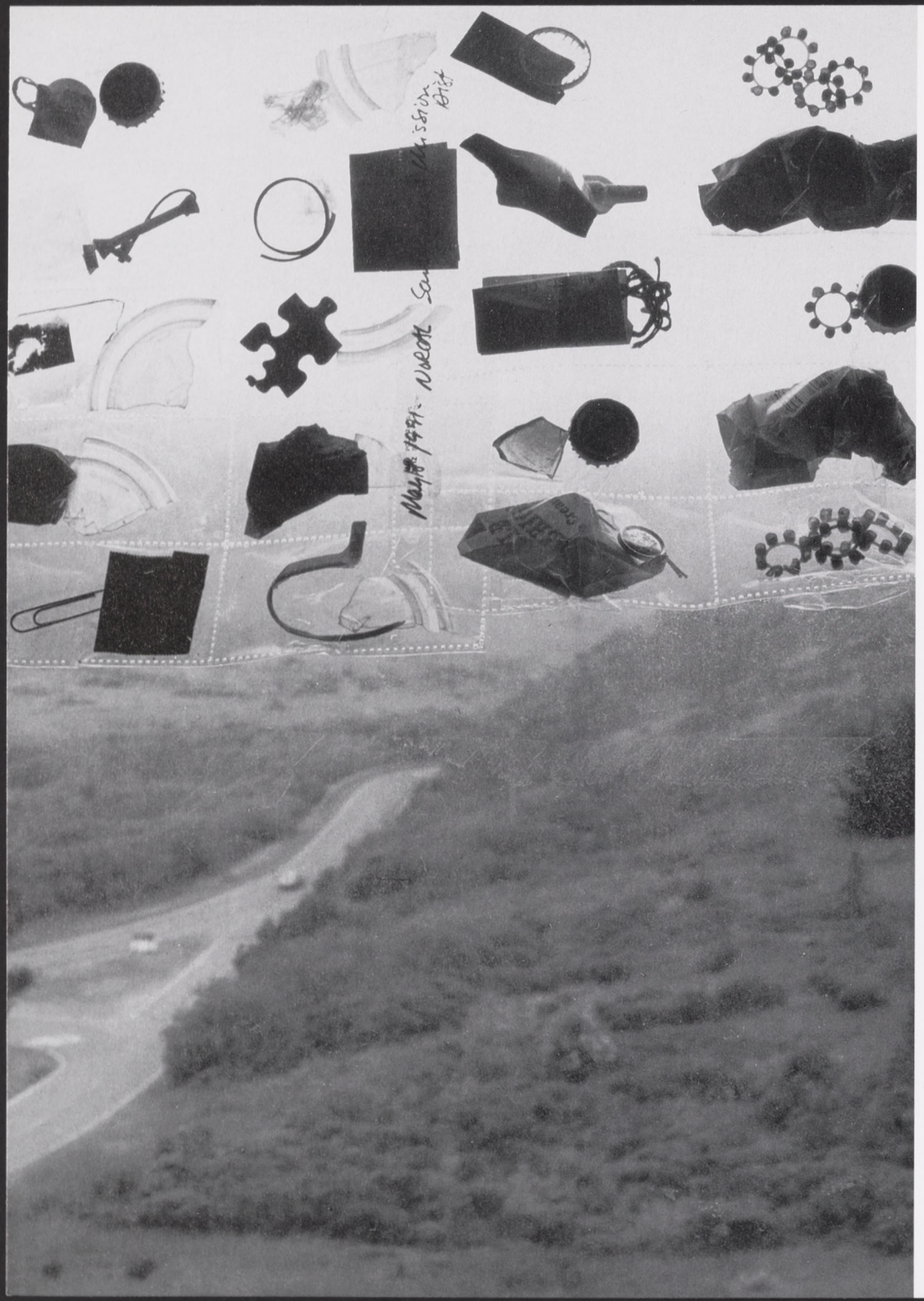
The human and mental size of San Francisco is very important as well, it's livable in terms of what you can grasp physically and mentally. It is so rich: you move from one climate to another, one environment to another. Living at the Headlands was easy because we weren't living in the city, or completely isolated in the country. You could move back and forth, and it's a good vantage point for seeing things and experiencing the culture - it's been a good experience for me.

Interview with Stefano Arienti, October 17, 1991
artist in residence, Italy

Headlands is like a time in between both the landscape and the Center itself. Headlands is like going back home, everyone becomes childlike, collecting stones, bark, etc.

Vladimir Kokolia, artist in residence, Czechoslovakia





Detritus, flotsam, jetsam, contemporary archaeology are words that come to mind when I think about working at Headlands. The evolution of my work as an artist brought me to the point of wanting to understand my present environment, why it produces what it does, where it comes from, where it goes and how I as an individual, participate in the process. As a visual artist, I am coming to a point where the making of actual objects is becoming less important. I wanted this time at Headlands to reflect on what I have been doing and how I could broaden my work to embrace the above concerns. I have been working as an artist since 1976. I began as a potter, interested in making work which was functional, rooted in history and purpose. Very quickly, I turned this desire into basket making, which led me immediately into hunting and gathering. I began scouting out my local environment for the materials indigenous to it, which was at the same time useful to my purpose. Working in this way, it soon became apparent that the plethora of materials available, both manmade and natural was endless. Thinking as an aborigine, I began to consider all accessible materials as my pallet. In fact, accessibility became the reason for their use.

Bryant Holsenbeck, artist in residence, North Carolina

The Blue Horse

My brain is an island on
the lake inside my skull,
I am swimming in the womb
of dreams, the spine
is a bridge to the world of
the trilobite. The words
leap from the eyes of night
and the blue horse. In the quick
of my cells is a spirit,
a mane flaming in the sky,
looking for the way home.

William Oandasan, 1947-1992,
artist in residence, California

Sausalito Literacy Project

The Sausalito Literacy Project in its third year paired videographer Ulysses Jenkins and storyteller Opal Adisa with naturalist Dede Sabbag in the classrooms of Bayside Martin Luther King. Working in collaboration with Martin Luther King teachers Phyllis Sarasy and Josephine Ramsey, the artists and naturalists developed a curriculum with the natural sciences as content and creative expression as process. In Phyllis Sarasy's class, children worked together with Ulysses Jenkins both in the classroom and at the Headlands developing video programs about their interpretation of the natural world. Opal Adisa encouraged the children in Josephine Ramsey's class to tell their stories to each other and then to write their stories down. In both situations, the children's direct experience in the Headlands became a primary source of inspiration. The outdoor setting of the Marin Headlands offered an arena for the children to use nature and the open air as a classroom, learning cooperatively in an informal environment and using the children's experiences as primary sources. This environment is especially critical for students from neighboring Marin City where many of the children are 'at risk' for dropping out of school in their high school years. Many of these students whose homes back up to the Headlands have never visited the Headlands and have had little experience camping or hiking.

photo credits

Cover: Mess Hall wall. Ann Chamberlain.

Title Page: Fort Barry looking west. Harriet Bellerjeau.

3 Gerbode Valley. Harriet Bellerjeau.

4 Parade ground. Harriet Bellerjeau.

5 Edgar Wayburn ca 1970. Courtesy Sierra Club Archives.

6 Headlands Hike (May 23, 1970). Richard E. Persoff, courtesy Katharine Frankforter files.

9 Headlands Hike (May 23, 1970). Richard E. Persoff, courtesy Frankforter files.

10 George and Hope Wheelwright, 1970. Courtesy Frankforter files.

11 Yellow Lunch. Britta Kathmeyer.

12 Untitled. Mark Klett.

13 Jimmie Durham. Maria Teresa Alvez.

14 Native Americans occupying Alcatraz, 1979. Ilka Hartmann.

16 Amalia Mesa Bains. Bob Turner, courtesy Amalia Mesa Bains.

17 Goéry Delacôte. Susan Schwartzenberg.

19 The beginning of the Los Angeles River at the confluence of Bell Creek and Arroyo Calabasa. Wanda Hammerbeck.

23 *Fluids* by Allan Kaprow, 1967, performed at various locations in Los Angeles. Julian Wasser, Time, Inc.

24 *Los Angeles Poverty Department Inspects America: Chicago*, directed by John Malpede. S. Antonini.

26 Bread Baking, 1991. Britta Kathmeyer.

29 Building the Bread Oven, 1990. Richard Barnes.

30 Daphne Derven cookbooks, 1992. Ann Chamberlain.

Daphne Derven, 1992. Ann Chamberlain.

35 Bread Baking, 1990. Britta Kathmeyer.

38 Herminia Alvarán, 1992. Ann Chamberlain.

39 Gym with Beth Custer installation, 1991. Vladimir Kokolia.

40 Untitled. Mark Klett.

41 Jim Melchert. Richard Whittaker.

42 *Official Documents/Re-membered* (detail), Sandra Taylor. Lukas Felzmann.

43 Caribou Weather. Wendy Oberlander.

Ta-Coumba Aiken, 1991. Harriet Bellerjeau.

44 Lisa Bernstein, 1991. Mikkel Aaland.

Sarah Aderholdt score for *Hammers and Bows*.

45 *Inside/Outside*. Lukas Felzmann.

46 Untitled. Susan Schwartzenberg.

Lagoon Breakthrough, 1991. Richard Harned.

47 Untitled. Kay Willens.

48 Don Colley flossing the 'possum's teeth. Eric Rosa.

Overlay: postcard from Colley to Headlands.

49 Spiderweb. Harriet Bellerjeau.

Cages of Desire (detail), Anne Woodson. Lukas Felzmann.

50 *Processions,* Veronique Guillaud. James MacLeod.

51 Drawing. Vladimir Kokolia.

52 Bryant Holsenbeck. Lukas Felzmann.

53 Sausalito Literacy Project. Britta Kathmeyer.

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